

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Back to Power Politics

THE GREATEST TASK confronting the people of the United Nations is winning the war against Germany and Japan. Nothing should be allowed to interfere with or to postpone that result.

The one hope the Nazis and the Japanese warlords still retain is that their enemies may fall to quarreling among themselves. People in the United Nations should therefore guard with the greatest care their critical utterances about one another.

It is in the light of the foregoing principles that we approach the gravely disheartening developments of the past fortnight in international affairs. Relations between the United States and Great Britain have worsened with a rapidity and to a degree no one would have believed possible. And other sectors of the international front have darkened correspondingly. Russo-Polish relations are at their lowest ebb. Italy, for all practical purposes, is without a government, while riots in Sicily approach the status of civil war. The fighting in Greece is indirectly affecting all of Europe. Throughout the world, people are asking themselves whether the moral purpose of the Allies in the war is rotting away and whether in fact that moral purpose ever existed; and are answering in the negative the question whether the prospect of preventing a third world war can reasonably be called bright. American isolationists have crawled out of their holes to demand that the United States should once again let Europe stew in its own juice.

It is obvious that so much change could not actu-

ally take place in so short a time; and that those who are suddenly dismayed had not previously been facing the facts. The editors of The New Republic do not count themselves in this number. They have never believed there was more than a bare chance of creating a new world out of governments in which old-fashioned rulers continued to work in old-fashioned ways, for selfish nationalistic and imperialistic ends. It was necessary to prosecute the war with the utmost vigor because otherwise we should all have been ruled by the Nazis (who in fact came dangerously close to achieving world domination). But fleeing from the greater evil should not cause us to prettify the lesser. There were a great many things wrong, before the war, with Roosevelt's America, Churchill's England and Stalin's Russia. There still are.

The crisis that has developed is one that has existed continuously beneath the surface and has now come out into the open because, with the decline of German power, it could no longer be suppressed. As Heinz Eulau points out in this issue of The New Republic, fascism was not a mere accident that developed in a few countries. It marked a stage in the decay of exploitative capitalism, and has appeared in greater or less degree in nearly all countries, with or without the explicit label, including Great Britain and the United States. Most of those Europeans who are politically minded at all, who have any realization of what is going on in the world, want to do away with the conditions which created fascism, not only in Ger-

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many and Italy, but everywhere else. This politically conscious group includes the Communists, but is by no means confined to them or even dominated by them. It includes in fact practically everybody except the fascists themselves and their dull-witted allies, the monarchists and other reactionaries. Like the rest of the plain people all over the world, these Europeans would like to see a settlement after the war that would remove the conditions which, twice in one generation, have led to conflict. The plain people, in fact, are the only ones who have any real interest in preventing war. The rulers in almost all countries are hypocritical on this point. Either they do not care particularly about peace, or they certainly do not care enough to abandon national policies which are incompatible with peace.

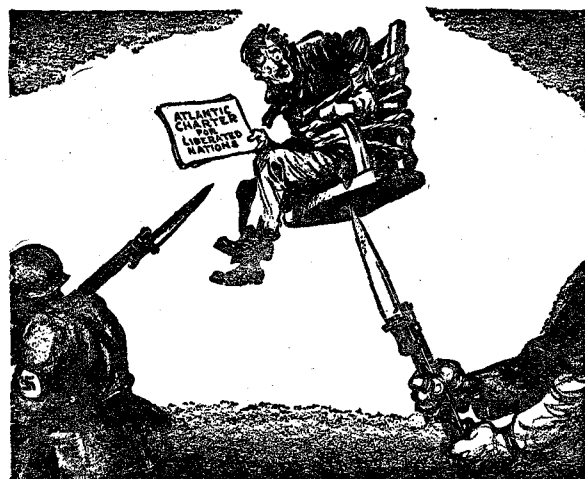
It would be a delusion to attach too much importance to the personalities of Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt. They are the products of powerful forces and are members of powerful groups. Since, however, they are so completely the spokesmen for their groups, we can usefully summarize tendencies in terms of the policies of these men.

Mr. Churchill talks about democracy, but in so far as he is sincere, his democracy is limited and narrow in the extreme. The rights of the people of India mean nothing to him compared with the "right" of the British Empire still to exist—and to him it is still an empire, not a commonwealth of nations. The rights of the Greek people mean dangerously little to him under the same circumstances. He is such a passionate Tory and capitalist that he is unable to see any difference among people on the Left, and he is cruelly unfair to all of them. His idolatry for royalty and for authoritarianism led him, before wartime discretion closed his lips, into glowing words of friendship for Franco and Mussolini and bitter words of hatred for Soviet Russia. As well expect an African witch doctor to perform a delicate surgical operation as to expect such a man to take the lead in creating a better new world.

Stalin is neither a capitalist nor a royalist, yet it is almost equally difficult for Western democrats to work with him. His instincts are totalitarian and he came to power in a country which for many centuries had had no political freedom and had all but lost the instinct for it. Today he is a dictator in a land which has broken the shackles of private capitalism but has not yet accompanied economic democracy with political liberty—and has produced an indoctrinated rising generation in which the overwhelming majority appears to be satisfied with this state of affairs. Stalin is obviously cynical about the chance for collective security and about the good intentions toward himself of Britain and America, which only twenty-five years ago tried hard to overthrow the Soviet government by giving arms and money to its enemies. He intends to protect Russia in a military way by extending her boundaries and preventing hostile governments in the neighboring states. He will do this with the consent of as many people outside Russia as possible, but if necessary, with no consent from anybody.

Compared with Churchill and Stalin, Roosevelt seems mild and vacillating indeed. He has carefully refrained from making the war into a moral crusade, remembering Woodrow Wilson's error and tragic downfall. Expediency has been erected almost into a principle with the appeasement of Japan and Franco before Pearl Harbor, of Franco, Pétain, Darlan, Victor Emmanuel, Salazar, Vargas and others since Pearl Harbor. The President, despite Mr. Dewey's campaign nonsense, is a firm believer in private capitalism; and he has always been more of an umpire between the New Dealers and the conservatives than one of the New Dealers himself. It is true, however, that his acts look moderate and reasonable compared to the grim power politics practised in Moscow and London. It is also true that American foreign policy of late has sounded conspicuously better than it did a year or two ago. It seems clear that some of the actions of which the liberals complained, which were vigorously defended, have now been quietly dropped.

This is the background against which the developing European situation must be judged. If the great powers honestly intend to follow the path of democracy and justice, individually and collectively, as the overwhelming majority of all the people in the world want them to do, there is not a problem that would not then fall into a pattern of comparatively easy and simple solution. Take the Polish proposals for example. The new Poland that is suggested is probably better than the Poland of 1939. There are good reasons, historical and ethnographic, for making the Curzon Line Poland's eastern boundary. There is no solid reason why a democratic Germany should object to the loss of East Prussia or Silesia, provided that populations are transferred, and provided both Germany and the rest of Europe are maintained at a high level of



Bishop in The St. Louis
Star-Times

Changing the Guard

prosperity. It is nonsense to say that what is left of Germany could not support a population of that size. There is no earthly reason why the Dardanelles and Suez should not be internationalized and why Great Britain and Russia should not end permanently their "war of diplomacy" over the Balkans and Asia Minor.

Does this sound Utopian? It is not. Russian "imperialism" is almost entirely defensive in character. The Russians still think the West means to attack them, and that fear lies behind their actions in regard to the states along their western frontier and in the Balkans. They demand a share of Iranian oil because they are afraid that otherwise it will all be used by potential enemies. If we could really guarantee our pacific and friendly intentions, most of the Russian problem would be solved.

It is of the greatest importance to recognize that Churchill does not speak for all England. The London Times, The Manchester Guardian, such weeklies as The New Statesman and The Tribune, H. G. Wells, many members of Parliament, have attacked him as strongly as anybody on this side of the water has done. Despite the disgraceful timidity on this occasion of the Labor Party, it remains true that a Labor government representative of the rising tide of liberal sentiment in Great Britain could work an instantaneous and far-reaching improvement in British foreign policy. The United States could and should help this improvement by putting reality behind our professed policy of self-determination in the political field for all nations and—a much harder test—by encouraging the development of economic as well as political democracy everywhere in the world. Such a development in American foreign policy will never be achieved by men of the caliber of five of the six new nominees for the State Department. It will be achieved only if American liberals stand together and keep in close alignment with British liberals and with similar forces in all other countries. Only if we do our part have we any chance of organizing the world for peace and of preventing that third world war which came ominously nearer on the day when Papandreou's police fired on the Greek patriots in the streets of Athens.

The Meaning of Mindoro

In spite of the hyperbole with which General MacArthur finds it necessary to surround his account of the blow at Mindoro, the move is obviously of the first importance. The rather surprising feature of the landing is to find the correspondents in the field and the press at home assuming that it is primarily directed toward Luzon and the recovery of Manila. It will aid in that process, certainly; the presence of heavy bombers on Mindoro, with fighters that are able to cover them for strikes on any part of Luzon, cannot but make Manila untenable as a harbor and is bound to place severe strains on the Japanese defending the

northern island when we get around to landing there.

But the Mindoro attack is far more important for what it accomplishes directly than for the prospects it offers in the future. It breaks through the barrier of the Philippines and lets American surface ships into the South China Sea, the key area of the whole Japanese system of empire. The enemy have probably succeeded in stockpiling some of the goods they can get nowhere but in their Co-Prosperity Sphere, in the three years they have held it; but it is unlikely that they have foreseen all the shortages that will develop under the pressure of war, and even stockpiles will not last forever. Some route to the producing areas of the Indies is essential to them and the landing on Mindoro threatens to cut off the only route they now have.

Hard Fighting Ahead

Our submarines have been doing remarkable work in rendering the operation of this supply route fitful and uncertain, but it has still operated, after a fashion; cruiser-destroyer patrols with good air cover would finish it altogether. Before this can be achieved, however, Mindoro must be set up as an air base on the scale of Saipan or Foggia, and the southern fringes of Cebu and Negros must be so cleared as to prevent Japanese operations against convoys bound for the new base. The mere engineering work is bound to take time (we captured Saipan in June and it was December before the B-29's appeared over the Japanese islands) and the Japanese are fully capable of realizing the implications of the Mindoro landing. The prospect is that they will counter-attack heavily and that Mindoro will see fighting fully as desperate as that which resulted from the landing on Guadalcanal. These offensives into a new area always look better on the first two days than at any other stage.

The Germans' Bolt Positions

On all the European fronts, with one possible exception, the Germans have reached positions which are tactically similar and are being described by the phrase "bolt position." A good example is the position which the First Army has been trying to break through for something like two weeks now. The town of Düren is the center and key of the whole. Through it runs from east to west the only good highway between Aachen and Cologne. Through it also, on the right bank of the Roer, runs the only good north-south highway.

These highways do not amount to much as routes of transit after having been under shellfire and bombing for several weeks, but they are solidly grounded, not too difficult of repair by modern engineering techniques, and they follow the only routes that are really possible in a topographical sense. An army can move without the aid of such routes but not very far; even with tracked transport the shipment of such supplies as ammunition to the front soon becomes altogether

too difficult to permit large-scale operations. Before the advance to Cologne can take place, the Allies must have the use of the east-west road running through Düren and must deny to the Germans the use of the north-south road by which they are able to shift troops and supplies rapidly from one part of the front to another.

To attempt a frontal crossing in the narrow area of Düren itself is an almost suicidally difficult project. Alternatives are needed; and to obtain these alternatives has been the objective of the First Army's offensive along the left bank of the Roer; that is, to obtain room for maneuver. The area is already cramped by the floods below Linnich and the maze of ravines and forests in the district to the south where the Roer makes its numerous windings. It is with the effort still further to cramp this position and to deny General Hodges room to maneuver that the Germans have embarked on their counter-offensive.

Waiting for Poland

Similar counter-offensives have been undertaken by the Nazis from time to time in Italy and Hungary, where Budapest bars the way to the Russians almost exactly as Düren does to the American First Army. These counter-attacks and the use of the bolt positions have constituted the outstanding tactical feature of the war this winter; and a new German counter-attack appears to be making up along the Seventh Army's front in Alsace. No one on our side seems to have found any real solution as yet for the problem they offer; and the hope of major Allied gains before spring now seems to rest largely upon what the Russians can ac-

complish in Poland—when the weather conditions there give them opportunity to use their skill in winter warfare.

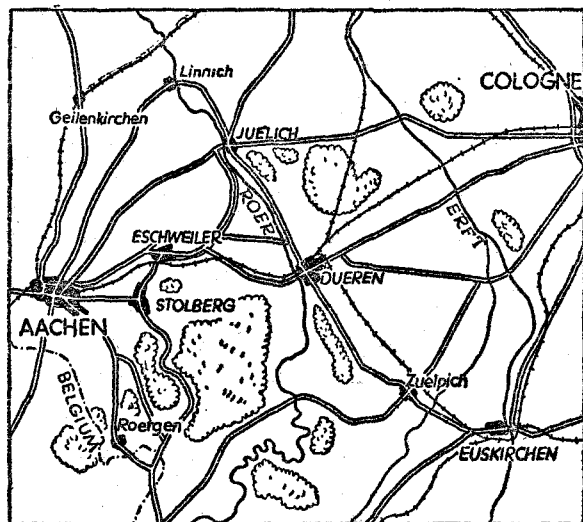
A Door of Hope to the Future

The most important federal legislation in many a long day will be introduced into the new Congress shortly after January 1. It is preshadowed in the report of the War Contracts (Murray) Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. Briefly stated, it is an "American Woolton Plan" to keep our economy on an even keel. The present federal budget would be supplemented by another which might be called an annual inventory of the conditions for prosperity. It would ascertain the amount of productivity necessary to give the country 60 million jobs—or any other number desired at any given time. Next, the experts would study the activities of private business and see how nearly these could come to providing that number of jobs. Private business would furthermore be encouraged in every possible way, through adjustment in fiscal policy, taxation, wage policy, social security and other matters. If, even with this assistance, private enterprise were still unable to fill the gap, public works would be undertaken, through private contract in all possible cases, in order to maintain our prosperity at the desired level. The program and all the other conditions would be reexamined and revised annually.

This seems to us a statesmanlike proposal. It is not hostile to "free enterprise"; on the contrary, it gives private business every possible chance to do the job and steps in only if and when, and only to the extent that, it has failed. Eric Johnston, Paul Hoffman and other enlightened business leaders have already committed themselves to this doctrine. The Murray Plan opens the door of hope to the future. You will hear a lot more about it, in the pages of *The New Republic*, and, we hope, in many other places.

Sense about Germany

Heinz Eulau's article elsewhere in this number of *The New Republic* outlines what seems to us the essential background and points to the possible answers in the current discussion of "what to do with Germany." The controversy has been dominated, and understandably so, by the desire for vengeance and retribution, and small wonder that it has generated more heat than light. Reduced largely to the slogans of a "hard" or "soft" peace, the discussion has culminated in a resolution of the CIO which indiscriminately condemns "the German people" and a campaign in certain left-wing newspapers which narrows every reference to the settlement with Germany to the "hard peace-soft peace" level. This left-wing Vansittartism is just as dangerous as its conservative counterpart, because it stands in the way of a sane program for the reconstruction of Europe. Moreover, it does an ele-



On the Road to Cologne

The area in which the American army is now fighting to open up an entrance to the Cologne plain. The only good main road runs from Aachen to Cologne through Düren; the subsidiary roads are ill surfaced and follow routes which make them difficult to keep open under winter conditions. Only such highways are adequate for the shipment of the quantities of supplies needed to maintain an offensive by several divisions on so narrow a front.

mentary injustice to the first enemies (and victims) of German fascism—the *German* trade-unionists, members of the left-wing parties, liberal and independent intellectuals who fought the Nazis and perished in the streets or were tortured in the death houses of Dachau and Oranienberg—while the eyes of the non-German world were for the most part carefully averted.

Lawyers and Lobbyists

More than 2,000 former government employees were recently found to be practising law in Washington. No doubt some of the work they do is legitimate and useful; but there is no doubt, either, that to some extent they are trading on their former positions and the influential friendships which they have or pretend to have. There is a theory that ex-civil servants do not practise before their own departments until a reasonable length of time has passed, but this theory is easily circumvented by sending someone else to do the public work while the former government man labors behind closed doors. Moreover, an ex-official may have great influence in a dozen departments with which he never had any formal connection. Senator Carl Hatch of New Mexico introduced a bill three years ago to forbid officials to practise before any government agency until two years had elapsed. Marquis Childs and other syndicated columnists have recently suggested that this question be reopened and that, in the light of his recent connection with the Corcoran-Littell affair, Attorney General Biddle should wish to take the initiative in urging that it be passed. We can think of few proposals just now that would meet more instantaneous and universal approval.

Montgomery Ward's Fiasco

Once more Montgomery Ward and Company has gone down to defeat before the War Labor Board. The Board, in ordering the firm to comply with its earlier directives in Detroit and six other cities, and threatening presidential seizure of Ward's properties in case of non-compliance, has taken the proper line. In spite of protestations by Sewell Avery, board chairman of Montgomery Ward, that the decision means the closed shop, including maintenance of membership, violating "the American principles of liberty and freedom," the issue before the WLB actually was Ward's non-fulfilment of the Board's orders of wage increases either for the correction of substandards of living wages or under the Little Steel formula. Ward's explanation that it did not obey the Board's previous orders because they were only advisory leaves a great deal to be desired.

Our Spanish Policy

There is little ground for rejoicing over the recall of Carlton J. H. Hayes as Ambassador to Spain and the appointment of Norman Armour, the former Ambassador to Argentina, as his successor. While the

name of Armour is associated with our "tough" policy toward Argentina, and while the change of ambassadors may indicate some change in our policy toward Spain, only a complete break of relations with Spain and active assistance to Spain's anti-fascist underground can be considered a really democratic position. A "tough" policy which is not implemented by a positive program, does not lead anywhere, as we are gradually learning in the case of Argentina.

New Anti-Trust Suits

Unless stopped by the Army and Navy Departments at the last minute, the Department of Justice will reopen its anti-trust suits against E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company and against the Rohm and Haas Company, both of which were indicted on September 10, 1942, for cartel conspiracy with foreign interests in connection with manufacture of materials used in airplane construction, especially plastics. Also reopened will be the cases against the Bendix Aviation Company and the National Lead Company. All these cases had been postponed as being possibly detrimental to the conduct of the war. One of the reasons for their reopening, and a very plausible one, is that illegally controlled patents, not available to other manufacturers, might have an injurious effect on the reconversion program after the war. Another reason is that the Justice Department does not expect the cases to last unduly long or to infringe seriously on the time of the witnesses engaged in war production.

The St. Lawrence Waterway

The Senate, by a vote of 56 to 24, has again refused to approve of the construction and development of the St. Lawrence waterway project which the President has urged for many years past. This time, however, when Senator Aiken of Vermont offered the project as an amendment to the regular Rivers and Harbors bill, it was the Democrats who defeated the measure. Expert congressional observers are still trying to figure out what happened. Voting against the amendment were 36 Democrats and 20 Republicans, for it were 8 Democrats and 16 Republicans. Although the Democratic leaders voted for the waterway, they did little active work to mobilize the party vote behind it. The fact that the Railway Brotherhoods and the United Mine Workers were opposing the project for selfish reasons influenced some Senators who rely on these groups for support. Other Senators who had pet projects in the Rivers and Harbors bill switched to vote against the St. Lawrence in the fear that pressing for it might jeopardize the passage of the whole piece of legislation.

Supporters of the St. Lawrence plan are not discouraged. The bill will be reintroduced into both Houses as soon as the new Congress convenes, and every effort will be made to obtain full hearings in the Senate.

The Drive to Raise Your Rent

The mighty real-estate lobby in Washington is doing its very best to put rent control first on the list of price controls to be lifted. We have frequently reported to you what great strength the landlords exert, and how skillfully their highly paid Washington representatives operate. They have done an especially slick job of evading rent control, the latest device being "security deposits." War workers in some places are being forced to pay large deposits, running as high as \$250, before being permitted to rent quarters. The OPA has ruled this practice illegal, but it is reported to persist. The CIO has taken the lead in exposing this "racket" and deserves the thanks of all tenants thus threatened, for demanding that the OPA stand firm.

The Japanese in the Philippines

Among the most interesting reports to come from the reconquered sections of the Philippines are those telling of relations between the Filipinos and the Japanese. To be sure, reports of conflict between the two groups now given to the Americans by the Filipinos should be viewed with some caution; if your country has been invaded by two successive armies, it is only natural for you to report to the second conqueror that you did not get on at all well with the first. Making full allowance for this fact, however, there seems no doubt that the Japanese bungled their relations with the Filipinos, raising the interesting possibility that they may have done equally badly in other areas such as Malaya, Burma and the Dutch East Indies. Recent reliable reports from Java and Sumatra say that the Japanese have used the utmost cruelty.

All these territories had been in the control of white men who came long ago as conquerors. In most cases these white men had been extremely inconsiderate of the aspirations of the natives, exploiting them economically and discriminating against them socially. The Japanese slogan of "Asia for the Asiatics" could easily have been made to mean a great deal to the brown or yellow-skinned inhabitants of the countries they captured in the early days of the war. In the Philippines, however, the Japanese seem to have done very little to establish cordial relations, or to identify themselves with the natives as "common victims of white imperialism."

Their rule would appear to have been modeled on the arrogance of the Nazis in Western Europe, where a similar failure has been witnessed. They treated the Filipinos with severity, insisted on the utmost deference to themselves, and subjected the natives to the greatest privations, without, so far as can be learned, any attempt to explain the necessity for this or, by propaganda, to soften the blow. The Japanese, in fact, seem not to be aware of what should be the first rule

in the handbook of would-be world conquerors: Learn to get along with the conquered.

Russian Roundabout

A friend, recently returned from Russia, swears that he overheard the following on the Moscow subway. "I wouldn't worry about your son, Petrov," said one well dressed, middle-aged Muscovite to another of the same general description. "I wouldn't give two kopecks for a boy if he weren't a capitalist at eighteen." Our friend had to get off at the next stop, but not before hearing the earnest proletarian continue, consolingly, "He'll be a good socialist by the time he's twenty-five." Nothing has reassured us more as to the fundamental Bolshevism of the Soviet Union.

Nomination

Nominated for America's nonhero of the week: The barber in Poston, Arizona, who chased out of his shop a Japanese American war veteran, who was still on crutches because of wounds received while fighting in Italy against Nazi doctrines of racial discrimination.

A Correction

In The New Republic of December 18 appeared an article by Helen Fuller, "Shake-up in State," in the course of which Miss Fuller attributed to Mr. Justice Frankfurter activity in behalf of the nomination of Mr. Archibald MacLeish as one of the new assistant secretaries. We are advised that this report was based on a misunderstanding and that Mr. Justice Frankfurter had nothing to do with the matter.

People in the Limelight: III

Since President Roosevelt appointed him to the Federal Communications Commission three years ago, Clifford J. Durr of Alabama has been fighting quietly and steadily for the people's interests. Broadcasting and other means of communication were largely new matters to Durr, who had passed the time since his years as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, first in the private practice of the law and later as assistant general counsel of the RFC and general counsel of the Defense Plants Corporation.

Now Commissioner Durr is widely known as a high-principled, courageous fighter: against advertising control of radio; against the lack of radio service for millions of people in that one-third of the United States outside the "daytime service" area; against unreasonably high prices for the purchase of radio stations, which make it impossible for the little fellow to get in; for balanced presentation of controversial issues on the air, allowing labor and consumer groups to buy their share of time as easily as do commercial groups; for developing more local public-service programs; for an adequate nationwide telephone and telegraph service to reach all citizens.

Commissioner Durr was one of the first national leaders to tell the public what Frequency Modulation radio could mean for community education, for adults as well as children, because of the number of new frequencies made available and the comparatively low cost involved. The decisions which the FCC is now making and will make in the next few years will determine the control of our means of communication for a generation to come. Durr is fighting on the people's side.

The State Department Six

A WEEK'S ADDITIONAL TIME for reflection does not make the recent nominations to the State Department smell any sweeter. In fact, the more we think about them, the worse they look. They are bad both in themselves and for what they signify in American life today.

We shall not enter here into the details of Mr. Clayton's past affiliations with Germany, Mr. Dunn's record in the State Department or General Holmes's responsibility for our North African blunders and his hostility to Soviet Russia. We prefer to comment on the underlying purpose of the men who cooked up the whole plan, and the brazen contempt with which they tossed a sop to the liberals by appointing Archie MacLeish to a perfunctory and peripheral job—perfunctory and peripheral, that is, compared with the influence the other five men will exert. These other five appointments were just the kind that might have been expected if Mr. Dewey had been elected in November. Giving the five nominees all the benefit of the doubt as to their personal honesty, they still remain reactionary in outlook. They are men who cannot and could not possibly work with Soviet Russia, or a Labor government in Great Britain, or a new Republican government in Spain or Portugal or Brazil, or a new Left coalition government in Italy or Greece—could not work with them, that is, except on terms of stiff formality, cold and ill concealed hostility and contempt. These are men, in the aggregate, who could work comfortably with the British Tories, with the surviving dictatorships—and with nobody else.

It is proof of the low state of the expiring lame-duck Congress that the one nomination which called out the greatest emotion and the bitterest anger was that of Archie MacLeish. Neither the editors of *The New Republic* nor Mr. MacLeish himself regard him as any sort of demigod, but certainly he is so superior to the other five men in his personal qualities and his fitness for the task assigned that to bracket him with them is almost an affront. If Mr. MacLeish is unlikely to do very much positive good, the other five, taken collectively, are sure to do a great deal of very positive harm. To think of them as participating even remotely

in a peace conference (with the possible exception of the fairly innocuous Nelson Rockefeller) is to become acutely nauseated. Every one of them is either associated with the old diplomacy at its lowest level or with a new diplomacy which promises to be even worse.

The thing that justifies the deepest anger is that all this was completely unnecessary. The State Department under Hull was notoriously the weakest part of the executive branch. The President felt that he had to meet the criticisms, and he took advantage of Mr. Hull's resignation to make changes. He called in the incredible Harry Hopkins, and Mr. Hopkins proceeded, according to Washington reports which we believe are reliable, to conciliate Jesse Jones with Clayton, to conciliate Mr. Hull with Dunn, to conciliate Dunn with Holmes, to conciliate the whole department by abolishing Rockefeller's old bureau, to conciliate Rockefeller with a new job, to conciliate the cookie-pushers with Grew and to conciliate the liberals with MacLeish. The transaction was not merely immoral: it was—and this is worse by the standards of Washington—incompetent. Harry Hopkins certainly could not have intended to raise all the hell that he did—nor could the President, on whom of course the responsibility ultimately lies, have intended to let him.

The very nearly despairing question one asks is, Why should all this be necessary? Isn't it ever possible to nominate a group of men of whom decent Americans can be proud, and not ashamed? Where did anybody get the idea that it is satisfactory to balance an indecent appointment with a decent one or, as in this case, five appointments ranging from mildly to outrageously bad, with one that is mildly good? It is not enough to ask, as they are asking in Washington today, Who won the election? It is better to ask, Who is it in the White House entourage who makes blunder after blunder on the repeated, and repeatedly proved wrong, assumption that the American people are a lot of dopes?

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A Journal of Opinion

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A Diagnosis of Germany

JUST AS the German settlement is the pivotal issue of European peace, the future of Europe is the crucial determinant of the "what to do with Germany" problem. Unless the interdependence of these two aspects of the future peace is recognized, a satisfactory and enduring remedy for the German disease will be impossible.

Nazism is not a peculiarly German phenomenon. It is rather the national formulation of an economic-political phase in the development of modern capitalist society which transcends state boundaries and is essentially worldwide. Ample evidence of the universality of fascism is its emergence as a technique of economic and political control in countries other than Germany before, and the readiness of powerful vested interests in the Nazi-conquered countries to collaborate with Germany after, the outbreak of war in 1939.

If the purpose of the war against Germany were exclusively the destruction of her aggressive power, the settlement of the German question would indeed hinge, as Max Lerner recently pointed out,¹ on the disposition, in terms of national control, of Germany's industrial machine. Anxious to avoid illusions, Lerner's argument, just as the Morgenthau and Kilgore recommendations, actually implies the disillusioned, though disguised, acceptance of the interpretation of the war as one of rival imperialisms. It does not approach the German question as an anti-fascist issue. Hence the cure, whatever the particulars—whether Lerner's, Morgenthau's or Kilgore's—is based on faulty diagnosis and is in no way correlated to the disease.

In contrast to this approach, the interpretation of the war as a revolutionary upheaval is not only in accord with its fascist origin but alone promises lasting and adequate remedies. A fascist economy—and therein lies its difference from other planned systems, especially socialism—is necessarily a war economy because it is predicated on the continued production of armaments for private profit. Preparation for war was the primary driving force that made possible the resuscitation of Germany's failing capitalist and big-land-owning system, which had been menaced during the depression by the revolt of the middle class and the demands of the working class, its immediate victims. The war itself does not appear, therefore, as an expression of the German people's innate desire for conquest, but as the inevitable consequence of a politico-economic system which could not exist, over any length of time, without resorting to war as a means of solv-

ing its inherent contradictions. (This interpretation of the origin of the war is not an attempt to soft-pedal the Nazi crimes *in the course of the war*, which should be severely punished.)

Just as the war waged by the German and Italian fascist systems was the end result of their reactionary and counter-revolutionary origin, the various wars of national liberation—as the struggles of the Nazi-enslaved peoples of France, Belgium, Poland, Yugoslavia, Greece, etc., have come to be known—are decidedly revolutionary. The resistance of these peoples against the foreign oppressor was motivated as much by the revolutionary demand for a better social order as by the quest for national liberty. This demand, institutionalized in the tremendous growth of the Left in all European countries, is directed mainly against the former ruling classes which either collaborated with Germany or sought to hide on the Allied side under the diplomatic coat-tails of reactionary governments-in-exile.¹ For the European peoples, then, the war is a struggle for emancipation both from foreign rule and from the social injustices of the capitalist system at home.

The counter-revolutionary war of international fascism has set free revolutionary forces which are equally international. In spite of the intensive neo-nationalism of the European peoples, their demands and interests do not end at political frontiers. The war of the Soviet Union has aroused much more favorable reaction in Europe's resistance movements than the Anglo-American war because, whatever political objections one may have against the Soviet system, its public ownership of the means of production, its solution of the nationality problem and of the land question, are more in accord with European aspirations and European realities than the precarious promises of Anglo-American monopoly capitalism. Although they are dependent on economic aid from the United States, it is a safe assumption that the peoples of Europe will move along the road to socialization of important sectors of the economy rather than return to the prewar economic system of competing capitalisms with all its dangers to a stable peace.

Because Europe requires economic integration of the continent beyond political boundaries, the European economy and European peace would be greatly threatened by a Germany neither capitalist nor socialist, but a colonial appendix of Anglo-American capitalism, implicit in the Morgenthau and Kilgore proposal.

¹ Only radical transformation enabled the Yugoslav government to return home. The Polish government, unwilling to reform, is doomed. The Belgian and Greek governments face severe opposition from a revolutionary people.

¹ "Germany without Illusions," The New Republic, October 30, 1944, pp. 553-556.

These plans would make Germany permanently dependent on imports from abroad, especially machinery for her consumption-goods industry, for which she could not possibly pay in either cash or goods. Hence Anglo-American finance would dominate Germany's economy.

The solution of the "what to do with Germany" problem is therefore closely linked with what ultimately happens to the entire European economy. If these long-range aspects are not heeded, any devices which the Anglo-American bloc may seek to impose on Europe and Germany for the reestablishment of the economic status quo, can only be in the nature of *ad-hoc* improvisations, doomed to failure under the impact of the economic consequences of a revolutionary war and the demands of revolutionary peoples.

If, admittedly, as Max Lerner stated, the control of Germany's industrial machine is the key to the German settlement, the only kind of control effective in the long run for the prevention of Germany's war-making power is a socialist Germany, fully integrated into a European socialist system. But Lerner is skeptical about the possibility of transforming the control of German industrial power from within, because "the democratic revolutionary potential in Germany is negligible." Lerner's own suggestion that "the only solution for the German problem is for the Allied powers to agree on the kind of collectivism the German economy will become," betrays his weak theoretical position. For the Allied powers, *i. e.*, a capitalist Anglo-American bloc, on the one hand, and a socialist Russia supported by a socialist Europe, on the other, will never "agree." It cannot be stated emphatically enough that because the socialist control of Germany's economy is made inevitable by the dynamic force of a revolutionary war, its realization is not a matter of "agreement," but a question of *recognition*. It is up to the Anglo-American powers to recognize that, if Europe is to have peace, Germany must have a chance to develop along the same lines as the rest of the continent.

The defeat of fascism in Germany will necessarily create, unless stifled by foreign intervention, a revolutionary situation. The very intensity of fascist rule in Germany may arouse an intense anti-fascism. Rather than being negligible, Germany's revolutionary potential appears unlimited. The absence at the present time of an organized resistance movement inside Germany, on which Lerner's skepticism is based, merely proves that military defeat is the prerequisite for creating a condition that will permit the crystallization of a revolutionary situation, and that alone can give a promise of success to organized resistance.

The Nazi regime itself never shared the skepticism expressed by Lerner and others about Germany's anti-fascist revolutionary potential. Heinrich Himmler himself coined the phrase, "Germany's inner battlefield."

Although urgently needed on Germany's frontiers, an estimated force of half a million reliable and well armed Nazis are today fighting on this "inner battlefield." Another indication of the country's revolutionary potential is the fact that in the last few months the Nazis have systematically sought to neutralize, by imprisonment and murder, thousands upon thousands of what they consider "dangerous elements." The concrete evidence of anti-fascist activity inside Germany is admittedly fragmentary. Germany's "inner battlefield," a recent report points out,¹ has no war correspondents. Its communiqués are the sentences of Nazi courts and the casualty lists of Gestapo victims. But eyewitness stories tell of widespread mass disobedience, expressing itself in desertions from the army, fraternization with foreign workers, listening to foreign radio broadcasts and some clandestine activity among worker and youth groups.

That mass resistance to the Nazi regime inside Germany, after many years of fascist terror and propaganda, was not rekindled until military defeat had become obvious to the German people, is natural. Germany simply could not produce an organized anti-fascist movement in the years before the outbreak of war when all of her present enemies "did business with Hitler." On the other hand, it is undeniable that the resistance movements in other countries, if they were not given active aid, found encouragement in the hope and knowledge of their oppressor's ultimate military defeat and their own liberation. The context necessary for organized resistance did not exist in Germany until very recently. And though there probably is a strong element of sheer war fatigue, basically unpolitical, which accounts for the growing unrest of the German masses, it is precisely this ferment which is the first condition of revolt.

There is, of course, the possibility that Allied intervention may prevent a revolution in Germany. Yet the only sound guarantee against the reappearance of German fascism, and hence of German expansionism, is the socialization of the entire German economy rather than the apparently hard-boiled—and, for Europe, possibly fateful—surgical operation suggested in the Morgenthau and Kilgore plans. It is not strange, of course, that those who deny the possibility of democracy in Germany are also most anxious to prevent a German revolution because they prefer a colonial to an economically progressive Germany, just as they fear progressivism elsewhere. And precisely because the German people "as a whole" cannot be "trusted," the fighting issue for liberals is to support a revolutionary pro-democratic and anti-fascist minority in Germany.

HEINZ EULAU

¹ "Inner German Resistance," issued as one of its "Inside Germany Reports" (Vera Franke, editor) by the American Association for a Democratic Germany, 8 East Forty-first Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Western Front: II

Notes from a Soldier's Diary

TUB BATH IN HOLLAND. — After four months of combat I had my first tub bath and I shall never forget it. We entered a little Dutch town and saw a sign over the entrance to a large factory, "American Army men who desire showers are welcome." Our first reconnaissance party for the shower detail approached the plant cautiously, fearful that the whole thing might be a big booby trap, but investigation proved that the facts were even better than the sign promised. There were showers, but there were also jumbo-sized bathtubs with steaming hot water, each tub in a semi-private compartment with a locker, a radiator, white tiled walls and a heated cork floor in approximately the style of any Downtown Athletic Club.

All this was ours, it turned out, because the foreman of the plant was the local leader of the resistance movement. He thought it was something he could do for the Americans; I'm sure he will never realize how much it was.

We turned on the faucets to full heat. We soaked, splashed and sang, shouting to each other over the partitions, thoroughly confusing the Dutch attendant who must have thought the Americans, although possibly effective fighters, slightly nuts.

I am sure his impression was indelibly confirmed when the man in the compartment next to mine, who had finished his bath and was two-thirds dressed, said, "Oh, the hell with it!" and proceeded to run another tub and start all over.

No Disasters. — Keeping the telephone lines intact and the radios working is not the hardest part of Communications. The greatest difficulty is saying the right thing.

Two or three days after the landing the Division Commander ordered that there would be no reports of disasters or extraordinary successes. An illustrative example accompanied the edict; in case the enemy should throw some of its weight against us, the news would be transmitted not as a "counter-attack," but as "enemy enthusiasm." By the same token, if one of our regiments should succeed in breaking through the German defenses and advance four or five miles, the achievement would be termed something like "good progress." Nothing extreme, no matter what.

The idea behind this order was to improve transmission of information within the unit, not, as it may sound, to censor the news reports to higher headquarters or to the press. The assumption was that disasters and triumphs practically never occur, and when they

do it doesn't help to use rich adjectives in reporting things. And further, that there is a natural inclination to color up bad news. A scout on a forward observation post sees one self-propelled 88-millimeter gun, he thinks. By the time his report gets all the way up to the G-2 in Division Headquarters—unless there is an order to prevent it—the gun is likely to have become 200 Tiger tanks headed our way.

It is one thing to issue an order; seeing that it is obeyed is something else. In this case the order had to compete against human nature plus the high tension everybody felt during those first days. It was hard to believe, too, that the order was meant literally. "Suppose," went the natural reaction, "the battalion really is surrounded by tanks? What do we say then?"

The answer was, of course, that there was no rule against reporting tanks (not to be confused with self-propelled guns) in such and such number (not to be given in round figures, but exactly) observed at blank coördinates moving in the direction X to Y at ZZZZ hours. The rule only forbade words like "surrounded," "cut off," "hundreds of huge tanks" and "overrun." Furthermore, by some odd good fortune none of the battalions ever was cut off by tanks, not even little ones.

In spite of the order, groundless reports of grave misfortune continued to filter back to Division. The corrective action was simple and effective. The Commanding General upon receiving the rumor would order it traced back to the origin. "Have the man who saw the 200 tanks report to me," he would say. And soon, after an epic amount of calling and checking, someone would have to report in person to the General that nobody had exactly seen the tanks, but there had been considerable rumbling off in the distance.

Reporting in person to the Commanding General is embarrassing. In short order, anyone who ever had occasion to speak over a field telephone or fill out a message blank was convinced that it didn't pay to make any statements that he wouldn't swear to and sign.

Night Raid. — Don't let anyone tell you that soldiers don't get frightened. They do.

It took me several weeks to find out what fear is like. The initial landing had scared me (although I spent all of D-day sitting a few hundred yards offshore waiting my turn to disembark), but that had been an intellectual fright composed of imagining what might presently happen. The sight of the wreckage on the beach jolted me into a kind of fear. So did the sound o

incoming artillery when I first heard it (and every time thereafter). I hadn't been ashore long before a sniper took a wild potshot at me, and that markedly increased my pulse rate. But my reactions to these various stimuli, I learned, were of a mild variety compared to the terror of the first serious bombing of the Command Post area.

It took place about midnight, a lovely June night with a half-moon that lit the flat Normandy orchards too brightly. I was on duty as artillery liaison officer in the Division war tent; not much going on, and the various officers there were talking over the day's activity. Inside the war tent it was bright, the evening had been quiet and the war seemed remote and unlikely. Higher headquarters had warned that there might be some enemy air activity, but the few planes that had been overhead on previous nights had concentrated their efforts against the beaches: nobody paid much attention to the alert.

We heard one or two planes high above us and the war-tent group agreed that they were German on account of the uneven snarl of their engines. A few seconds later, quite a distance to the east of us, a stick of anti-personnel bombs exploded. The sentry on duty guarding the entrance to the war tent came in and reported that there were flares in the sky, quite far away to the east.

The sentry went back to his post and we, inside the tent, went on about our business. Five or ten minutes later a second stick of bombs fell, close enough to whine as they dropped. We all grabbed our helmets and put them on.

There was no question but that they had hit nearby. The tent shook from the blast, rocking the lights strung from the ridgepole. The senior officer said he thought we ought to clear the tent and get into the slit trenches outside.

The exit to a CP tent is hard to manage. You have to lift a flap, make a sharp left turn and stumble along a canvas passageway for five or six paces. After the brightness inside the tent, the blackout corridor seems pitch dark. We started to file out.

The third string of bombs fell, high explosive: a long whine and then earthquaking thuds, five or six in a fast series, about five hundred yards away. The first man out of the tent said, in surprise, "God damn it! These flares are right overhead!"

I was fourth or fifth in line, and while I waited to get out I got scared. The first three strings had frightened me, but not until the few seconds of delay at the exit did my throat and chest tighten up.

Finally my turn came. Halfway out through the exit I could see light from the flares in the sky. That upset me; we had been trained to freeze in our tracks whenever the enemy drops a flare. It seemed to me that the bombers would see me in my ten-yard dash to the slit trench and yet there was no point in standing by the

exit. The man behind me was pushing to get out, so I ran for the trench, feeling as though I were in a huge spotlight and sure that the bombers were watching me, personally. The trench didn't look deep enough. I hesitated an instant and thought, "Maybe there is a deeper one farther along."

One of the planes roared by and at the same time there was a long burst of machine-gun fire. I jumped into the slit trench and hit the ground.

Another string of bombs started to whine down. The noise they make is like the whistle of an artillery shell but sharper and at least half again as long. It starts high in pitch and slides down the scale, and halfway down you think it has gone far enough, that it will surely go off. But instead it continues to whistle, the sound originating from nowhere in particular but seeming to point right at you. And the longer it whines, the closer it seems to get, until you are sure that when it does explode it will be at the back of your head.

I lay face down in the slit trench with the brim of my helmet in the soft ground, as close to the earth as I could get, and held my breath. (That is not the way to lie. It is better to lie on your side, chinstrap unfastened, for protection against blast effect.) The long whine ended. There was a pause. Then two or three hundred yards away to my right the cluster of bombs exploded, a heavy rumble of detonation. The sound seemed to blanket an area. I recall thinking that it must have destroyed everything in the field where the bombs landed.

When the bombs went off and I realized that I hadn't been hit, I found I couldn't draw a full breath. My chest felt contracted and tight. I was cold and vaguely dissatisfied with my slit-trench. I wished that I had dug it myself, thinking irrationally that somehow I would be protected in a trench of my own digging. Then, since there seemed to be a slight lull in the bombardment, I rolled over and lifted my head above the level of the ground to look for a better hole. The flares were still burning, a long even row of them in the sky, and they seemed to be fixed rather than parachuting down. They were well off to my right. That was a relief, because I had thought before that they were directly above me.

Another bomber roared overhead, quite low, and I saw the first of a string of flares splash into flame; it was dead ahead of me and it looked close enough to touch. I flopped back on the bottom of the trench and began to shake. The whine started again and I thought, "They are going to get me this time, they are systematically bombing the CP in a pattern of strips and this time I am right in the middle of the strip." I tried to sink my head into my shoulders, turtle fashion, and I closed my eyes. The whine crept down the scale and I shook, not like shivering from cold but slower and bigger. Some of my weight was on my arms and they

shook in particular, but the source of the shaking was nowhere and all over; I remember feeling my knees bumping the ground.

I had plenty of time to think, but nothing entered my mind except the idea that this was the one with my number on it. Then the bombs went off, the same all-embracing, blanketing explosion, and I knew that I hadn't been hit.

My shaking, however, went on. The noise of the airplane motors grew fainter and I lifted myself off the ground, still shaking. The flares had dimmed. In the half-darkness I saw a figure run across the field and I remembered for the first time since I had hit the slit trench that I was not entirely alone, that I was in fact surrounded by slit trenches filled with my war-tent associates. I wanted to talk to them. For a moment or two I sat in the slit-trench trying to decide whether the raid was over, having a hard time making up my mind, unable to bring into proper focus the obvious facts that the flares were going out and that the planes were now almost out of earshot. I don't remember that I ever made up my mind, but I did want to talk to somebody, so finally I got out of the trench and ran a few yards to a sort of dugout covered with boards and dirt. I was still shivering, but I could breathe again and I had become self-conscious to the extent of realizing that I was badly scared.

Two friends of mine were inside with a stray pup they had picked up. I crawled in with them and laughed at the dog, which was shivering too, and we sat in the dark for fifteen minutes, exchanging accounts of the raid, each of us claiming that he had been most frightened, talking the terror out of our systems.

Nothing Automatic About It. — The comment, "Our boys are just automatically wonderful," ought to be discarded. Presumably it is intended as high praise; actually it is false, and an unintentional insult to all those responsible for planning, training, supplying and supporting our winning armies.

I don't know about the native aptitude of Americans for fighting. I wouldn't be able to compare Americans with Germans, Russians or Japanese. I do know that some of "our boys" turn out to be cowards. Some are disloyal. Some are thieves. Some are not mechanically inventive in the slightest and have a hard time keeping issued equipment in working order, let alone building an ice-cream freezer out of the wreckage of a Mark IV tank.

It's hard, furthermore, for a soldier to look presentable, much less "wonderful," when he is on the losing side. I wonder whether the cliché would have become popular if we had not recently had a series of resounding victories.

So instead of "automatically," I'd use "deliberately"; and in place of "our boys" put "our armies." The real object for astonished surprise is that in a

remarkably short time we have turned out armies good enough to win, armies made up of well trained soldiers, led by capable officers, furnished with superior equipment and supported by an air force of overwhelming power. And this is far more remarkable, if less romantic, than the idea that American boys have a trace of Paul Bunyan's blood in their veins.

Night Watch. — After our long and rapid displacement from Normandy to Brittany, it took about a week for our mail service, which had been pleasingly regular, to catch up with us. Finally, one afternoon, a rumor filtered down to our unit that the APO in the rear was stuffed with mail sacks; that there was bound to be a delivery just as soon as the letters could be sorted.

Knowles, the mail orderly, left Headquarters early in the afternoon, but he didn't get back by suppertime as usual.

"He's probably sending back for an extra six-by-six," said Wood, an optimist. "He's probably got so many packages they won't fit on that old weapons carrier."

But Knowles hadn't returned by ten o'clock, the hour of darkness and therefore bedtime for almost everyone not on night duty. I crawled into my combination pup tent and slit trench and squirmed about trying to find the least uncomfortable sleeping position. Pfc. White interrupted me.

"Sir," he said, "in case the mail comes in, do you want me to wake you up?"

I asked him if he weren't going to turn in.

"I think I'll wait a while for Knowles. Me and Batney and a couple of the fellows are going to wait. Knowles may be back any minute."

I thought it over.

"If I do get a letter," I said, "put it in my helmet. But don't wake me up. And don't you stay up too late."

"No, sir."

At daybreak the next morning I found a letter in my helmet and shortly thereafter I found White just finishing putting on his leggings.

"Good morning, sir," said White. "Did you find your letter? What do you think? I got *three*, two from my wife and one from my mother."

"Damn good," I said. "What time did Knowles get back?"

"Four-thirty," said White. "But I didn't mind waiting. There was a bunch of us. We got to shooting the bull. Knowles was back before we knew it."

Somewhere in Germany

CAPT. BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

This is the second of two articles by Captain Bliven, a graduate of Harvard and former member of the staffs of The New Republic and The New York Post, who is now fighting with the field artillery in Germany. The first article appeared in our issue of December 18. — THE EDITORS

Journey in America: VI

This is the sixth of a series of articles showing what is being done—and left undone—in various regions of the United States to prepare for the problems of peace. Mr. Mezerik will next visit Seattle and Vancouver.

—THE EDITORS

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—I came up to Sacramento to look at the Central Valley Project, for I had been hearing about it all through the West. It was a surprise and a shock to me to learn that the great valley from Redding to Bakersfield, 500 miles long, is largely desert, brought into its present lushness and fertility by irrigation. Valley residents boast that this area is, next to the Nile River Valley, the most highly irrigated section in the world. But a crisis has been slowly developing. The supply of water has diminished in the rivers. Underground water, fed by the rivers and pumped from wells, has steadily fallen in consequence. Originally a farmer could dig a well and tap water 20 feet down. Today, in some sections, he must go down 300 feet and the cost in fuel and machinery, to pump that great distance, becomes prohibitive. The problem began to arise as long as 40 years ago when the state first investigated it. After years of grappling with it, California officials realized the problem was too large for the state alone to handle; they inevitably turned to the federal government for help. When this happened, in 1935, the Central Valley Project was born. It is tremendous in concept.

Shasta Dam, in the shadow of shining Mount Shasta, is the key to the whole development. We came up to Shasta Dam in full moonlight. The great white mass of the newly completed dam stands just below the junction of the Sacramento, the Pit and the McCloud Rivers. A great lake has been created back of the dam, and the water, peaceful and quiet, lies over towns and farm lands not long ago populated. The water from the December rain run-offs and the March snow melt is stored in this lake. All through the summer and fall it is doled out as needed into the Sacramento River, from which it is pumped by farmers to provide water for their thirsty crops.

As we left Shasta, having been through the power house and over the lake and the dam, I began to realize something of the mystery and the power of water. Water is the essential fact of existence in this rich valley. This is a 65-percent water year. Were the water not stored behind Shasta today, this garden spot of America would be in a bad way.

As we drove down through the Sacramento Valley, which is the upper third of the Great Central Valley, we came to the delta region behind San Francisco Bay

and to another problem in water. When the fresh water is low here, ocean tides sweep over the dikes and into the ditches which otherwise carry fresh water to the lands of the delta and the industries of the Back Bay region. The salt ruins the lands, the crops and the machinery. The ocean has seemed an irresistible force while the fresh water has been far from immovable. Today the Central Valley Project is forcing the ocean back to the coast by increasing the flow of fresh water into the Contra Costa Canal. Fresh water, with the support of men and machinery, is winning.

It is below this region that the San Joaquin Valley lies—the thirstiest two-thirds. The rivers here play a curious trick. Most places where I have been, the rivers start in deep canyons or gorges, and at their terminal points flow out in many directions. Here the opposite is true. Near the sources they spread in many directions, merging into narrow, exhausted trickles toward the end of their run. This has always been a headache to the farmers near the mouths of the rivers. To add to their troubles, along the San Joaquin, largest river here, some areas near the head also need water. Friant Dam, far up the San Joaquin, is the southern pivot of Central Valley water control, and will supply water to these hitherto dry areas. From the dam, the engineers have run a canal south, to reach thousands of acres. Another canal goes directly north to accomplish a similar purpose, and the remaining water is released into the San Joaquin. This river never had enough water to supply the needs of farmers adjacent to it, and water cannot be diverted from it without damage. Therefore a third canal, this one unique, is being built. This canal will run uphill from the mouth of the Sacramento River. It will parallel the San Joaquin as it flows north from the Sierras to San Francisco Bay. The water will be pumped, from one level to another, for many miles, until it reaches the headwaters, where it will be poured back into the San Joaquin in payment for what has been diverted into the other two canals.

Central Valley serves various purposes: primarily irrigation and electric power. The dams serve also to prevent those floods which formerly overran lands in the run-off periods. As the water moves over the river beds it seeps into the ground, restoring the underground supplies of wells now almost exhausted. No one who travels this section can fail to realize how vital all this is, yet in spite of its obvious necessity, a conflict is raging.

Our reclamation policies were formulated during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt. In that period we were reclaiming lands which had never been farmed before, and to protect these new lands a law

was enacted which prohibited the delivery of government water to any plot over 160 acres in size. This was a wise provision, done to ensure that the plots would go into family-sized farms, and to avoid speculation. The 160-acre limitation has been the law ever since, but Central Valley poses a new problem. This valley is not new land. It has been irrigated for many years. Many developed tracts here, either now receiving water or about to have it available, range in size from 500 to 50,000 or more acres. The farmers who own these huge ranches are strongly resisting the 160-acre limit, since it means the break-up of their lands.

I attended a meeting of the big farmers of the San Joaquin Valley. They were outspoken in their condemnation of the 160-acre law. Rather than submit to it, they were laying plans to force the state to buy the whole of the Central Valley Project from the government. In describing the federal government, the usual terms of socialism and communism were mild, and they made the welkin ring with what they called their demands for states' rights. The interesting thing here is that many of these big farmers do not have to take irrigation water, but can pump water directly from the restored wells on their farms, since the underground tables will be replenished by the seepage from the increase of water in the rivers supplied by the Central Valley Project. This would release them from the necessity of complying with the 160-acre law. But they are fearful of taking that easy way out, for they know that if they draw water out of the ground without paying for it, neighboring small farmers, carrying the costs in irrigation districts, would be as quick and probably as direct, in their remedies as were these same big farmers in their treatment of the Okies. It is because they are aware of the social implications of the project that they resist it so bitterly.

Water has brought to Central Valley and California another problem familiar since the origin of the TVA and Bonneville. A fight is brewing with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, utility colossus of the state. Up to now the fight has been in abeyance because there has been little power to deliver, and what power is sold goes to PG and E. In its later stages, when the Central Valley Project will sell power directly to municipal, rural and industrial consumers, all the private-utility obstructive devices which have been utilized in other states will be tried here. But for me the interesting fact is that the sum of the power presently developed is equivalent only to that which is needed to pump the water of the Project. There is actually no power surplus, and the water is of no value unless pumped. The two elements, power and water, run so closely hand in hand that the farm population who will be directly benefited will see the need to get cheap power to pump cheap water.

Finally, the Central Valley is potentially a much greater food producer than it is now. How great, is an

interesting question, one which I posed for the experts of the Bureau of Reclamation. After much deliberation they told me that if all the possibilities in the valley were developed, this one area, otherwise a desert, could grow food enough to feed a population equivalent to that of Italy, and they didn't mean on a spaghetti basis, but on our own standard of living. For me that's the cardinal guiding principle in the development of the Great Central Valley of California.

Portland, Ore.—Portland is one of the two great cities of the Pacific Northwest. The characteristics which I have grown to expect in Western cities ought to be clearly visible here. The center of a rich and sparsely populated area, Portland should have had a continued growth, and politically it should have reflected the daring of the frontier. Everything about Portland would indicate that "Welcome, stranger" is the habitual salutation.

But Portland is not like that. Settled by New Englanders, it received its name when a former resident of Maine's Portland beat a former Bostonian in a coin-flipping contest. Portland won out, and the pattern which is to be seen here now is still much like that of a New England town, with that kind of a political background. Despite the fact that it sits in the wide open spaces, Portland didn't grow at all from 1930 to 1940. In that period there were few new enterprises begun by local capital, and nobody went out boosting the town, crusading for a bigger and better place. The people who did come liked it here. It was and is a good place to live, and though nobody, before the war, was getting very rich, the per-capita income was slightly higher than that of the rest of the country.

The war plumped 100,000 migratory workers, three huge shipyards, a housing problem and a jittery future into that comfortable picture. Just as would have happened in any conservative Eastern town, the upsetting of all traditions caused resentment against the newcomers. The problem is a little hard to understand when it takes place here, where even the oldest settlers just happened in a couple of generations ago.

It is difficult to talk to Portland business people about their postwar plans. They are inclined to end every discussion by telling you that they don't want Portland to become another Pittsburgh, or a Grand Rapids or an Akron. While they want the city to be prosperous, their specifications for its future are not nearly so clear as are their descriptions of what they don't want Portland to become. It appears to me that these attitudes reflect a large body of thinking, and should it prevail in the future as it did prior to the war, neither Portland nor Oregon will move fast.

But there are signs that the pattern will be overthrown, and there are people here who have real imagination and daring. It is Portland, alone of all the cities I have visited, which had the courage and foresight to

hire an expert who could outline a public-works program for them. Robert Moses of the New York park system prepared a comprehensive and intelligent plan, now known as the Portland Improvement. Widely distributed by the newspapers and the clubs, this program was studied by a large number of citizens. Recently, enabling ordinances and amendments were passed by the city's voters, who have agreed to tax themselves for the city's share of the cost of this program.

The Portland Improvement will provide a cushion of 15,000 jobs, but 100,000 jobs will be necessary. You find people thinking here about the great old resource of this country, lumber, and the great new one, electricity furnished by water power. Lumber has not been exhausted, for it is still important enough to provide three-fifths of the total payroll of the state, excluding war industry, but the timber supply is diminishing rapidly and the end is in sight. Management, labor and industry all work on this problem to find new chemical uses for wood, to regulate forests and protect them against fire hazards and to promote a sustained yield for timber. Out here there is a consciousness that wood is the sleeping beauty of industry, and there is much talk of the wondrous products which will be developed, some as hard as steel and molded as steel cannot be. Cattle feeds from wood are in the developmental stage. Alcohol derived from wood is already out of the laboratory, and forestry-service experts say it can be produced cheaper from wood than from any other source. From the by-product of alcohol manufacture—lignin—plastics will be made. Labor has its eye on creating all-year-round logging employment: as fire wardens in the dry season, planting trees in the spring, pruning growing trees, and logging in the winter.

The lumber resources therefore are far from dead, though they are aging. The new resource, electric power, is still so young that it has hardly made itself felt except in the production of war goods. The Bonneville administration, which operates Grand Coulee as well as Bonneville, is intelligent and aggressive. It has carefully surveyed the potentialities of the Columbia River basin and it goes far and wide to market its power over its own transmission lines. But a new problem is emerging to plague these able administrators.

Ninety percent of the aluminum capacity, by far Bonneville's largest user of electricity, is operated by the monopoly, the Aluminum Company of America. Should Alcoa decide not to stay in the Northwest, Bonneville power will temporarily go begging. Should it stay, there is grave danger that, as the largest single industry in the whole Northwest, that area may become captive to Alcoa in the same way that Alabama is the prisoner of the United States Steel Corporation. This is my own observation and not that of Bonneville, but in Bonneville's sensible efforts to find out how to create factory and finishing industries and how to get them located in the Columbia River basin, lies one

solution. Reynolds, a comparatively small aluminum producer in the area, has what is perhaps another valid approach. It is his idea that there should be a third large aluminum company, this one owned coöperatively by the automobile, railway-equipment and airplane companies. If such an industry were put into operation in the Northwest, it would break the monopoly of Alcoa and at the same time bring aluminum into much wider use, for neither the railway companies, the automobile companies nor the aircraft companies dare to use much aluminum while they are at the mercy of a monopoly in the field. They remember too well the experience after the last war when the price of aluminum was arbitrarily hiked 10 cents a pound.

Bonneville's is not the only effort being made to attract small, diversified and highly skilled industry into this area. Among Portland's business men and labor leaders there has been discussion of the organization of a community group which will take economic responsibility for utilizing, even importing from Eastern states, machinery which will become available as war surplus. With this machinery they hope to equip former war workers, small business men and returning veterans with manufacturing units of their own. It is a form of homesteading, one which I would say is inevitable in our industrial future, and the subcontracting offered by the Kaisers and Boeing and the other large factories of the area will form a stable cushion for some part of the output of these industrial homesteaders. Should these plans come to fruition, the country might see in this otherwise conservative area a social experiment that combines power, labor and natural resources to obtain greater production and employment.

A. G. MEZERIK

On a Chinese Soldier

Far from the heart of culture he was used;
Abandoned by his general and his lice,
Under a padded quilt he closed his eyes
And vanished. He will not be introduced

When this campaign is tidied into books:
No vital knowledge perished in his skull;
His jokes were stale; like wartime, he was dull;
His name is lost forever like his looks.

He neither knew nor chose the Good, but taught us,
And added meaning like a comma, when
He turned to dust in China that our daughters

Be fit to love the earth, and not again
Disgraced before the dogs; that, where are waters,
Mountains and houses, may be also men.

W. H. AUDEN

*From "Journey to a War," by Auden and Isherwood
(Random House, 1938, \$3.)*

Washington Notes

Not a Merry Christmas

THIS IS no merry Christmas. War abroad, victory delayed and inter-Allied dissension; and at home, a grim choice between the lofty principles of the Atlantic Charter and our allies. But since we cannot abandon our military allies without abandoning our sons at the front, that is really no choice at all. A scaling down of the Atlantic Charter, willy-nilly, seems the inevitable consequence of recent developments in Greece and Poland.

But there is a choice nevertheless, springing out of this situation, and it is being decided today in America, though perhaps unconsciously. The matter has been mulled over here every minute of the past disturbing week. The question is, Does this kill American entry into Dumbarton Oaks?

The fact is, Allied developments have challenged America's entry into any postwar-security pact. Consider how the machinery for Senate treaty ratification is rigged against adherence. Every negative vote cancels two affirmative votes. If 96 Senators voted, the treaty would have to get 64 votes—or fail. It is my solemn judgment that, as of this moment, with present irritation mounting, the Dumbarton Oaks agreement could not get the necessary two-thirds.

That is the real choice which internationalists will have to make, like it or not—and it is not an agreeable one. Are they prepared to reconcile themselves, under protest, to Anglo-Soviet spheres of influence in Europe so far as they have gone, and fight to salvage the world-security organization? Or are they to be provoked into the perfectionist and self-righteous attitude the isolationists seek, which certainly kills the treaty? As I say, it is not a cheerful choice.

In Washington this past week isolationism sprang up all around. A sense of crisis hung over things. It was quite obvious that a preview of the Dumbarton Oaks treaty fight was under way; a preview which, as I read Mr. Churchill's bald speech on Poland, President Roosevelt had been trying to avoid. As I wrote some weeks ago, the "Big Three" meeting that was to have been held before Christmas was called off because of Stalin. I did not then know the precise reason, but it now seems a reasonable guess that Stalin declined to participate until he had clearance of the Polish matter. This forced Churchill's hand, and presumably will force Roosevelt's.

What the Senate will ultimately do on the Dumbarton Oaks issue is anybody's guess. It may get over its present commotion, and listen to postwar-security exposition by the reconstituted State Department, where, I may reveal, an organized effort to publicize and propagandize Dumbarton Oaks is under way. It boils down, I suppose, to what we conceive our objectives in this war to be, whether we are fighting to save our necks, or for principles, or for both. If for "both," then (having saved our necks) we shall do all we can to salvage the principles.

I listened to millionaire cotton-broker Will Clayton before the Foreign Relations Committee last week. I was impressed by his presence and personal force. He dominated

the five other Roosevelt appointees. Quite unexpectedly, a scene developed between him and old Senator Bankhead, over cotton. Clearly and calmly Clayton outlined the precarious situation of American cotton: losing its market abroad to low-cost production, losing it at home to rayon, synthetics, cow's-milk and what not. Clayton ended all doubt in my mind (and seemed to accept himself) that postwar mechanization of United States cotton growing, is inevitable, will bring a social revolution and concentrate mass cotton production in the Delta area and Southwest plains states, creating a crisis in submarginal Alabama and adjacent states where mechanization is difficult. Bankhead, his voice quivering with emotion, protested. To Clayton's appeal for acceptance of the revolution: a gradual reconversion program under government auspices, an ultimate United States acceptance of the world price for cotton coupled with all-round tariff reduction, Bankhead could only croak "Subsidies!" Beside Bankhead, in this matter, Clayton seemed like a militant progressive.

But then Senator Pepper pressed him about depressed wages in foreign countries—Latin America—the very nations whose low-cost cotton is undercutting America's. No, Clayton said, he would not have the State Department try, for example, to get some of the high price of Bolivian tin passed on to the poor devils who mine it. (Perhaps you remember that under ousted Milo Perkins a provision was written into our agreement with Bolivia for just such a purpose.) But Mr. Clayton felt that this represented "intervention in the internal affairs of foreign countries." It was an amazing transformation. Conservative Senators nodded approvingly. Yet surely the ultimate way of improving America's foreign market is to increase purchasing power through those very subsistence wages which now so sadly undercut American labor. Mr. Clayton couldn't see it. It strikingly represented the paradox of his "liberalism."

Last week a veterans' pension bill became law here, opening the way for ultimate pensions for all widows of World War I soldiers, irrespective of whether or not they received any war injury. The viciousness of this act, particularly if amplified, is that it sets up a dual pension system in America, in competition with sound social-security legislation and its extension. The pressure that ought to go into getting pensions for all goes into a campaign for a particular group. The lavish GAR and Spanish-American War pensions probably did much to hold our social-security legislation behind that of other industrial countries. Now it is a race all over again, between the Roosevelt social security for everybody, and the threat of over-generous pensions for soldiers of World War I and II.

The next big Administration drive is to repeal the Johnson Act. Look for a big fight in the next few months. At Quebec Roosevelt agreed, in so many words, that it is just as important for America to keep Britain's economy sound after the war as it is to support her in the war. The trouble is that British industry is terribly inefficient. Grisly facts are coming to light as the subject is now studied by Anglo-American experts. One of the objects of Sir Richard Law's mission is to check over Lend-Lease matters and the "rationalization" of British industry, with American aid.

Washington

T. R. B.

Tintinnabulations

Seven Lively Arts. The Ziegfeld Theatre, December 7, 1944.

A Bell for Adano, by Paul Osborn, based on John Hersey's novel. Cort Theatre, December 6, 1944.

IT IS A LONG TIME since we had any big Ziegfeld works or ballyhoo and what not, and so the incident of "Seven Lively Arts" made a vast stir and many people liked it, or tried to, and many said they did, and some said in parts it was wonderful, and some said thank God for Beatrice Lillie. (Some said other things but only in general, as they sneaked home.)

In this mighty enterprise that Mr. Billy Rose has blown himself into, there are many mansions, some of them scurvy and common indeed and some worth claiming. The claims, meanwhile, as represented in the program are longer than a laundry list in a de-luxe hotel. Featuring Doc Rockwell, lyrics and music by Cole Porter, staging and lighting by Hassard Short, Miss Lillie's sketches by Moss Hart, Doc Rockwell's comments by Ben Hecht, scenery by Norman Bel Geddes, dances and songs directed by Jack Donohue, costumes by Mary Grant, modern gowns by Valentina, choral groups trained by Robert Shaw, orchestra conducted by Maurice Abravanel, sketches directed by Philip Loeb, ballet choreography by Anton Dolin. Strangers to Broadway may thus be reminded of Pausanias' remark that those who have not seen a dragon have at least seen a great pine cone. Many of Mr. Geddes' settings are lavish, inventive and stunning.

On the whole you have a good time at "Seven Lively Arts." It is fairly joyless and always hard-working; it abounds in ambitious punching and lush abundance, extravagant overpiling, and a good deal of plain bad taste on Mr. Rose's part especially, but why get into that quaint old phrase? Dozens of things, costumes, midgets, drop curtains, sequins and what nots are practically wasted, or at least half unseen; and large excesses of exhibitionism and poor taste are easily forgotten. Miss Lillie, Mr. Bert Lahr, Mr. Benny Goodman, Miss Alicia Markova and Mr. Anton Dolin have generous solo numbers. Mr. Lahr in his drinking song is excellent, in other places he works hard with the material provided. Miss Markova and Mr. Dolin get a beautiful setting for the first of their two numbers but a brutal lighting at the hands of Mr. Geddes. The matter written by Mr. Hecht for Doc Rockwell has little of the old vaudeville spring the Doctor used to give us. Miss Lillie, though her jungle drum scene goes tame, is the blessing of the whole show. She is unique and worth the whole occasion; and in the travesty of "Angel Street" she is not only hilarious but quite impressive as an actress.

At "A Bell for Adano" you enter with a fair assurance that the adaptation will not be clumsy or inept, that is if you know the previous work of Mr. Paul Osborn. The problem, artistically, immediately presents itself as to how one is to portray these characters of a Sicilian village, foreign of course, and to our eyes strange or picturesque or comic or special or however the case may be. Even the matter of accent enters in, how to make it convincing, how to keep any serious tone with so many mixed values. But very soon, as you watch "A Bell for Adano," you perceive

that this is only a lovable, sentimental story, or at least the transcription of a lovable, picturesque novel, and that the tone and the intent are not grave and passionate; they are only amiably and pleasantly significant. This understood, the whole thing settles down into a very pleasant evening, well performed and gently conveyed.

An American major, a good, decent fellow, is seriously trying to help the citizens of this Sicilian town, victims of the ages, of fascism and of the war. The quality of his heart and mind permeate gradually the scene and the events. The minor characters are excellently cast and within the amiable confines of the play's intentions—the novel's too, doubtless—their performances are excellent; they are almost numbers as a matter of fact, but delightfully done. Margot gives a portrayal of the heroine, so far as there is one in the play, that is genuine enough, though in her case heavily dependent on one's response to this particular player. Mr. Fredric March, as the well meaning, high-minded major, the son of Italian parents, who is in command of the town and of himself, gives an extremely persuasive and wholesome performance.

The room designed by Motley for the great salone in Adano's Palazzo Publico is both handsome and convincing.

STARK YOUNG

To Have and Have Not

THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU" is a Warner Brothers examination of the problem of the soldier-and-girl marriage in wartime that is worth seeing because it is a degree less deceitful and inane than current films have been about sex or the American family. The movie illustrates how adequate war marriage can be, as well as how it should be, with an affair that starts on a Pasadena bus when a parachute-factory worker (Eleanor Parker) who used to be a soda-jerk recognizes a soldier (Dennis Morgan) as a boy she used to make double-rich malted milks for. After she introduces herself to him, their romance goes forward without a hitch (they have some trouble getting a hotel room on their honeymoon night) to marriage two days later and to the end of the film, when the boy returns home to his wife and baby after being discharged for an arm injury. Another happy affair between the girl's friend (Faye Emerson) and the boy's (Dane Clark) accompanies this, which reinforces the movie's thesis by showing that more ruttish soldiers and girls are also serious about their affairs and remain faithful to one another. They provide the film with a lot of suggestive wisecracks, exits, appearances and mugging as a substitute for the sex that the script tries to be constantly involved in. The movie also pays a good deal of attention—too much—to the heroine's irritable family, which it uses to show what some of the attitudes of society are toward soldiers and their girls.

This picture is surprisingly cognizant of sex. For one thing, its nice-girl heroine is shown being moderately aroused during the love scenes, and desiring to be so before them. She is very purposeful about getting the soldier to be her lover and husband, which is probably the most likable and expert touch in the writing because it causes the love affair to go forward less magically than love affairs proceed elsewhere in films and it makes her very lifelike. The

energetic acting of Eleanor Parker gives this girl a credible lust at times, though she is apt to be too affected and cagey for the unintellectual, average girl she impersonates and there are too many close-ups of her lusciously opening one side of her mouth in the same manner. The script by Delmar Daves (who also directed) and Alvah Bessie is continually concerned, as it should be, with sex, no matter how ersatz the means are sometimes; it seems pretty smart about the subject—very good in a scene at the girl friend's Motel cabin—and is wholesome enough. There is also some down-to-earth writing about the family which includes an ugly dinner-table quarrel that is as painful to watch as it should be, and two characters—a sister who seems to be a little mad but isn't for once over-simplified as a crazy woman, and a sour, ineffectual mother—who are definitely not stock family types though some of the other members are. There is a fine scene when the mother hears that her youngest daughter is pregnant and produces a shattering, forced, stuck-pig shriek and then faints into one of the only convincing and comically awkward fainting positions that I've ever seen in a movie.

The attack, which is best when the picture is trying to show something realistic about soldiers on leave, disperses itself by attending too much to, and not achieving enough with, the girl's family and also by presenting a long stereotyped year after the marriage to show how courageous wives must be when their husbands are at war. The script doesn't get any of the strain, and too little of the detail, that would arise from the lovers' adjusting to each other and simply getting through their three-day event. Dennis Morgan helps to thin this affair further by being unbelievably torpid. It is thinned some more by having to indicate sex by an unending use of two devices—tin wisecracks and pretty kissing—but there is still a lot of unadorned knowledge and feeling.

Since this film is freer with sex than any other around now, you can estimate from it how far Hollywood has progressed toward being less bound by its rules for what can be said about sex in movies. This picture is still playing pretty strictly as the Hays Office says it should play, but it is being more adept and honest. Though the lovers exit and appear indecorously, it is carefully explained after each suggestive maneuver that the people did not have sexual intercourse. The adulteress is scolded and made to say she's sorry, the film carefully doesn't advise separation for her sailor husband (when he ought to take nothing less), the morning-after scenes of honeymoon still find the people completely separate, only one of them in bed and both exasperatingly unemotional and made-up. The writing here, though, is skillful at implying sex and then making its refutation much weaker. It gets some robustness just by playing the love scenes less sweetly than usual, so that even if the characters can't love each other until they are married in the film, they still seem to be made of something besides sugar, and seem to be grown-up. You can be just about as lusty as you want these days if you do it by way of a wisecrack and do not directly say that there has been or will be any sex.

A sentence in my last week's review of "Meet Me in St. Louis" should have read: "Many of these scenes are as good as any that have been made this year in fiction films."

MANNY FARBER

Two Communications

The CED and Taxes

SIR: The article by Oscar Gass in your issue of October 16, 1944, "A Rich Man's Tax Program," conveyed the erroneous impression that the tax proposals of the Committee for Economic Development constitute just another special-interest program enabling the rich to avoid taxes. The CED program espouses the following:

A 50-percent increase in estate and gift taxes (see Appendix, Table I).

The taxation of capital gains at full rates and at the taxpayer's death.

Principal reliance on a progressive income tax for federal revenue.

Plugging of important loopholes in the federal income tax.

Repeal of the unfair normal (former "victory") tax.

An undistributed-profits tax.

A drastic reduction of sales taxes (all of which are opposed in principle).

A tariff for revenue only.

A cyclical budget.

This line-up of liberal objectives is certainly entitled to a *little* credit, even from Mr. Gass. Incidentally, none of these features of the program is stressed in Mr. Gass's review and most of them are strictly ignored. There is such a thing as being fair, even if a program is sponsored by a group of business men, some of whom are "big" and some of whom are "bankers."

Following the last war, taxes were repeatedly revised downward during the prosperous twenties. In the depths of depression, we changed the trend and began getting tough with the tax system. This was a strict reversal of proper procedure, at least on the theory that increased taxes are deflationary and decreased taxes inflationary. The CED program does not propose to repeat this error. It renounces the view that budgets should be balanced and debt reduced regardless of unemployment. It accepts the views that occasional deficits will have a beneficial effect on the economy. It accepts the view that taxes should be ordered to exercise a stabilizing effect on production. This is an encouraging indication that, in the last twenty years, at least a few lessons have been learned.

Taxes that take from a fifth to a third of the national income can hardly fail to have important effects on production. From this standpoint, there must be better and worse procedures. To be sure, we have much to learn about "what it takes to make business tick." But we cannot wait until we have a sure formula—we must use the best information available and follow the most plausible alternatives offered.

It is fairly obvious that a tax system can support production by conserving resources, including the human resources. It is obvious, too, that high postwar production will require the maintenance of a very wide market for goods and services. The recommendation that a graduated income and estate tax supply the major sources of postwar federal revenue is a recognition of these truths.

But this is certainly not the whole story of the influence of taxes on production. Other things being equal, it is obvious that the tax system should not penalize those who innovate, assume responsibilities, take risks and employ their capital in an active role. For instance, the CED's program suggests some concern for fluctuating as contrasted with regular income. Because a person or a business happens to reap the rewards of long effort in one particular year, he or it should not be punished by the graduated scale of a progressive tax. The business that experiences alternating losses and profits should pay no higher taxes than the concern with an equivalent but steady net income.

Why should income which arises from the active employment of capital and brains in improving or enlarging production be penalized by higher taxes than that resulting from contractual, safe and inert employment of talents? If we are interested in economic progress in a mixed economy, can we justify a higher tax on dividends than on interest and capital gains? Can we justify greater emphasis upon high income taxes than on high estate taxes? Should we not distinguish between business and wealth, recognizing that a million dollars in the hands of Henry Kaiser is much more beneficial than a million dollars in the hands of Doris Duke?

Some concern for the relation of taxation to economic progress is in the best liberal tradition (witness the writings of John A. Hobson, Richard Tawney and John R. Commons). It is hardly answering this approach to say that it leads inevitably to shifting burdens from the rich to the poor.

Mr. Gass does not know that a combination of reduced sales taxes, lower tariffs, higher estate taxes, plugging loopholes, moderation of income-tax rates and integration of corporate and personal taxes will result in a net effect of shifting taxes from the rich to the poor. And even if he did, it would still be true that he ought not be so exclusively absorbed with the problem of distribution (of economic rewards after taxes) that he pays no heed at all to the effect of taxes on what there is to distribute.

Taxation may be regarded as nothing but warfare between the rich and the poor, each seeking to shift a burden to the other. However, it may also be viewed as an attempt to evolve a program in the social interest, a program that will be to the best advantage of all groups in the long run.

Mr. Gass contends that the corporate income tax is a progressive levy because somehow or other it "comes out of" the rich. The progressive character of the corporate income tax on any fair judgment is uncertain, irregular and inconsistent. Mr. Gass says nothing about the incidence of the tax, assuming apparently that of course the burden falls on the stockholders. But a very strong contingent of able economists and a much larger proportion of able business men are of the opinion that part or all of this business tax is paid, like a sales tax, by labor and consumers. At least the doubt on this score is worth mentioning. If the tax is on stockholders, it strikes large and small stockholders without differentiation. A consistently and regularly progressive tax will not only tax a \$25,000 income at a higher rate than a \$5,000 income, but it will assess all \$25,000 incomes at the same rate. Our present system applies a much higher effective rate on an income of

\$25,000 consisting of dividends than on one consisting of interest, salary or capital gains. It assesses no tax at all on \$25,000 of interest from state and local bonds.

That the income tax should be used to reduce inequalities of income is agreed. The contention is that the leveling process should be regular and consistent. To hold that taxes can be defended merely because rich people pay them, no matter how capricious the distribution, is to exemplify the sort of irresponsibility that threatens the successful operation of a mixed economy. At the very least, Mr. Gass might concede that the business income tax should be accorded a distinctly secondary rating in the order of priority among possible postwar sources of revenue.

Mr. Gass criticizes an exemption of \$500 for the taxpayer and each of his dependents as too low an allowance for subsistence. This exemption will provide an income tax base of about 40 percent of the national income and will protect from direct taxation about a third of income recipients. This should appeal to most people as a reasonable scope for the direct-tax system and adequate protection for the postwar market. Restoration of 1939 exemptions would (at \$140 billion national income) cut the tax base about half, leaving around \$29 billion to tax. This is less than Mr. Gass thinks the federal government will need for revenue. It will be recalled that in 1939 we collected more from liquor and tobacco taxes than from the personal income tax. If the graduated personal income tax is by far the fairest and least repressive tax for a modern state, as most forward-looking people believe, then we should not so restrict its scope that it cannot possibly play a major role in the revenue system.

Our state income taxes, with their high exemptions and nominal rates on low incomes, are an example of taxation that provides mostly talk and very little revenue. We praise the income tax but rely on the property tax and sales tax to pay the teachers' salaries. Liberals who go about the country advocating income taxes confined to the rich are not only irresponsible—they are perhaps the worst enemies of a decent tax system.

Because of the proposal to tax capital gains in full, the rate scale proposed by the CED is much tougher on the higher incomes than Mr. Gass's figures would indicate. Capital gains constitute about a third of the higher incomes. They are treated very favorably at present. The effective rate on a \$5 million income would be approximately the same under the proposed scale, with capital gains fully included in the base, as under the present wartime scale without such provision. How steep and how high a progressive scale should be is not an easy question. One answer might be that it should not go beyond what Congress is willing to apply consistently and enforce effectively. Extreme rates can defeat themselves and accomplish no useful purpose. A range of tax rates from 18 to 75 percent, applied without loopholes and supplemented by a really effective death tax, could do a far better and perhaps bigger job of equalizing than is done now.

As to undistributed profits, the CED's recommendation calls for a special tax on such profits when earned and an effective program for taxing such earnings when they are realized as capital gains to the stockholder. Mr. Gass believes such earnings should be taxed to the stockholder on a pro-rata basis when the earnings are reinvested. Undoubt-

edly he is right theoretically and perhaps his proposal is practical, though it is full of administrative and other difficulties and has no successful precedents anywhere. However, the CED's proposal would go a long way toward the elimination of the present discrimination in favor of undistributed earnings. As our war experience very well demonstrates, the present discrimination is an open invitation to corporate hoarding.

Mr. Gass is much concerned about the fact that the CED's tax program provides only \$18 billion of revenue, exclusive of social-security taxes, while he thinks \$30 billion may be needed. His estimates include \$10 billion for military outlays, an amount about ten times the expenditure for this function in the late thirties. It sounds as if Mr. Gass believes in preparing for a war with Russia, a contingency most imaginative liberals think we can avoid. Estimates of postwar expenditure range from \$14 to \$30 billion and all the figures involve a large amount of conjecture. The CED's choice is certainly well within the zone of reasonableness. Any tax system must possess an element of elasticity that can be drawn upon if circumstances require. The recommended tax program is not lacking in elasticity.

Mr. Gass is quite right in calling attention to one serious omission in the CED's program—the loophole involved in separate returns. This omission was *not* due to any desire on the part of the authors to shield the large taxpayers, as Mr. Gass so eagerly concludes. It was an oversight resulting from concentration on those features of the tax system which might affect postwar employment.

The propensity to avoid all responsibility for the successful functioning of the economy is all too common among liberals. If they are reconciled to the immediate inauguration of the socialist state, their attitude is understandable. But many have not thought themselves through to this conclusion and others are less than frank about their thoughts. For those who would like to give a mixed economy a further trial, our economic problems are quite sufficient without policies that continually enlarge the problem area. A substantial tax base and wide opportunity for employment are prime prerequisites of decent postwar living.

HAROLD M. GROVES

The University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

SIR: Professor Groves's letter contains a wide variety of statements—statements that are entirely true (and on which we are in complete agreement), statements that contain an element of truth, at least one statement that is entirely untrue and misleading, and another statement that involves a gratuitous and irresponsible inference. A point-by-point reply would require a series of articles much more detailed than my original one. This reply must be selective. It will be limited to Professor Groves's two most glaring lapses and two examples of statements which are misleading or questionable.

Professor Groves says: "The CED program espouses . . . a tariff for revenue only." This statement is in direct conflict with the facts. On page 37 of its "Postwar Federal Tax Plan," the CED says: "The tariff system presents highly complex problems and will be considered in a later study of this Research Committee. Nevertheless, it is pertinent . . . to point out that substantially increased revenues

might be obtained from this source if it were decided to revise downward the present prohibitively high structure of tariff rates. . . ." This statement does *not* advocate a tariff for revenue; it merely makes the old point—which is common ground between protectionists and free-traders—that lower tariff rates may mean higher customs yields.

The avoidance of any commitment to "a tariff for revenue only" is characteristic also of other CED publications. For instance the statement on "The Economics of a Free Society," prepared by a CED research committee and published in the October, 1944, number of *Fortune*, carefully abstains from any mention of this issue. The CED was in fact chided by *Fortune* for this omission. Says *Fortune* (page 155): "One can wish . . . that while castigating foreign cartels the CED could have hit at the follies of the American tariff. . . ." The CED did not hit at those follies either in its tax program or in the more general statement of its economic philosophy. Professor Groves claims credit for the CED for holding positions to which it did *not* in fact adhere.

Professor Groves says: "It sounds as if Mr. Gass believes in preparing for war with Russia. . . ." Professor Groves's inference is entirely gratuitous and irresponsible. At no point in my original article do I touch on the foreign policy that I "believe in" or the military establishment which I believe to be required by that foreign policy. As any candid and careful reader of my original article will note, I did not venture beyond an estimate of the cost of the immediate postwar military establishment on which public policy seems now to be crystallizing. Unlike the CED and Professor Groves, I did not pull my expenditure figures out of a hat, but stated explicitly the assumptions on which they were based with respect to the size and character of (1) the navy, (2) the professional ground army, (3) the air force and (4) universal military training. I did not go into my own views on any question of foreign policy or on the weight which ought to be assigned to the various military arms. As an amateur military strategist, I happen in fact to believe that the military establishment towards which we are tending will be better adapted either to defense warfare or to an offensive war against a great naval power, such as Great Britain, than an offensive war against a great land power, such as the USSR. I hope that this statement will not expose me to any speculation on the part of Professor Groves that I "believe in" preparing for war with Great Britain!

Professor Groves says: "The CED program espouses . . . an undistributed-profits tax." This is an example of a statement which, while true, is likely to be seriously misleading. The undistributed-profits tax is normally conceived as a tax *in addition* to the corporate income tax; the CED advocates it as a *substitute* for the corporate income tax. Advocates of the undistributed-profits tax have supported it primarily as a means of deterring corporations from helping their stockholders to avoid progressive personal income taxes by failing to distribute corporate profits. But, under the CED program, distributed profits would be taxed at progressive rates while undistributed profits would be taxed only at the lowest rate applicable under the individual income tax. As I indicated in my original article, the CED compensates for the lopsided treatment introduced by its peculiar kind of undistributed-profits tax by

sponsoring full taxation of capital gains, not to be established now but when "substantial reductions in corporate and personal income taxes have been effected."

Professor Groves rejects my suggestion that \$10 per person per week is an inadequate peacetime exemption. He then goes about putting me into bad company by indicating that, if we go back to the 1939 exemptions, we shall not have an adequate individual-income-tax base for the scale of expenditures which we wish the government to undertake in the postwar period. Without accepting Professor Groves's estimates, I reject his attempt to throw me out of court by associating me with bad company. As readers of my original article will know, I suggested only that half of the total income recipients, receiving about 20 percent of the total consumers' income, be exempted from the individual income tax. This leaves a base sufficiently broad for the financing of a greatly expanded scale of government activities. I would warn the reader further that, when Professor Groves and the CED speak of "an income-tax base," they mean not the whole income of persons subject to tax but that part of income actually falling within the tax brackets after all exemptions and allowable deductions. While this procedure is clear to the technician, it will mislead the unwary reader.

I thank Professor Groves for the moral homily in which he tells me that "Some concern for the relation of taxation to economic progress is in the best liberal tradition. . . ." I regret that I cannot thank him for presuming that either I or the readers of *The New Republic* are so credulous as to believe that the omission from the CED's tax program of any mention of so widely debated an issue as joint returns was due to nothing more purposive than "an oversight."

Washington, D. C.

OSCAR GASS

The Bandwagon

"Many of these resistance men are advanced thinkers," a very high British officer told me recently in very solemn tones. "It would never do to have whole battalions of them."—*Alexander H. Uhl, writing from Brussels, in PM.*

I have gone to school and mingled with the Japanese, but I cannot say it really was the American way of life. Just because some of them were good in art and such subjects is no sign whatever that we want or need them here. I believe they were more of a menace than an asset to the real American children.

I hope when my two children reach school age they will not have to mix with them, as well as many other races, to get an education.—*From a letter in The Fresno Bee (California).*

Lady Halifax, wife of British ambassador to U. S., is very vivacious for an Englishwoman. She once climbed on an embassy divan to give a toast to the United Nations.—*Caption on a picture in Life magazine.*

BALD EAGLE

HELIAECTUS LEUCOCEPHALUS

RANGE: The whole of North America. This eagle never fishes for himself as long as he can rob the more skillful and industrious fishhawk. The Bald Eagle is our national emblem.—*A sign in the Buffalo zoo.*

"The Very Model of a Modern Major General"

. . . [Colonel McCormick's] letters are sometimes ill advised, as once when he wrote to a friend claiming personal credit for introducing machine guns, mechanization, automatic rifles and airplane artillery spotting into the army, and introducing the ROTC into the schools; for being the first to advocate an alliance with Canada; for "getting the Marines out of Shanghai" and acquiring Atlantic bases; but admitting he had failed "to get the army out of the Philippines" or to persuade the navy that airplanes could destroy battleships.—*From an article by John Bartlow Martin in Harper's.*

Yippee!

Of course I had seen you in the depression, but you took that as an adventure so that for many of you it might have been renamed exultation.—*From an article by Rebecca West in The Chicago Daily News.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of *The New Republic*. Please enclose the original clipping.—THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Negroes in the Army

SIR: I should like to tell you of a recent experience of mine, as a Negro soldier in the United States Army.

One Saturday evening I left Camp Gordon, Georgia, on pass to visit some friends in nearby Aiken, South Carolina. I boarded a Valley Coach Line bus in Augusta, Georgia, to make the 18-mile trip to my destination. Complying with the Jim Crow laws of the state I moved to the rear of the bus. The bus, although crowded, was quiet and the passengers, mostly civilians, were orderly.

About eight miles from Augusta, one of the seats near the middle of the bus was emptied when one of the passengers got off. This was an aisle seat next to a white soldier. Standing in the aisle was a colored soldier who continued to stand by the empty seat until the white soldier touched his arm and told him to go ahead and sit down, he didn't mind. This the colored soldier did and the two men engaged in conversation until the bus reached Warrentonville, South Carolina. There the bus driver saw the two soldiers sitting together and ordered the colored soldier to move. This he did without hesitation and without protest. The white soldier was indignant and protested against the driver's action, but he was told that the laws of the state did not permit such seating and besides, as bus driver, he would run the bus the way he wanted it run. There was not a single word or action from anyone on the bus.

At this same stop several colored passengers got on the bus. There was standing room only except for one seat about three-quarters of the way to the rear of the bus. This was occupied by an elderly white civilian who was asleep. A middle-aged colored woman got on the bus, noticed the empty seat and turned and asked the bus driver if he would ask the man to move to a seat in the front which had just been emptied. The bus driver very gruffly told her no, that he would not ask the man to move, and if she didn't like it she could get her money back and get off the bus. She went to the front to get her refund and as she started down the steps of the bus the driver took his fist and struck her across the back of her head. The blow almost felled her and she half-fell, half-staggered from the bus. Several white soldiers grabbed the driver and prevented him from inflicting further blows. From our seats in the rear we demanded that he cease before we ourselves used force. Not one of us

did more than raise a verbal protest. The bus driver grabbed up his money box and left the bus. We remained seated until it was evident that he would not move the bus.

In about 15 minutes, another bus pulled in. The driver of our bus went to the driver of this bus and told him not to let the 11 colored soldiers on the bus because they had created a disturbance on his bus. So we were left five miles from our destination on an empty bus. We then asked to have the Military Police notified, and believing that they had been, we sat on in the empty bus. There we made our mistake, for instead of Military Police, two carloads of county police and armed civilians pulled up and ordered us to the rear of the bus. We were then driven directly to the county jail and locked up without being questioned, arraigned or without any of the usual procedures. We asked to be allowed to notify our units. We were told that they would be notified. Later we learned that they had not been notified.

The 11 of us remained locked up from 9 p. m. Saturday until 6 p. m. Monday. I cannot describe here the condition of that jail; it was absolutely miserable. Monday evening we were taken before a court; the bus driver was there, but there were no other witnesses. He testified and perjured himself in every sentence. He said that we had beaten him, that we had in general raised a rumpus. All of this was absolutely untrue. We were then called on to give our story. It so happened that I was called on first. I told the court everything that I saw and heard, and told it just as it happened. The other men all agreed, only one or two having details to add. We pleaded not guilty, but it was evident from the start that the "trial" was a farce. The judge gave us a tongue lashing and fined us for "disorderly conduct." I was fined \$25 or 30 days on the South Carolina chain gang, as were two other fellows. The remainder were fined \$15 or 30 days on the chain gang. We were fined \$25 because we had taken seats in the front of the bus while it was empty of all other passengers and after the driver had left it. We were sitting waiting for the Military Police, or so we thought.

No one of us had money enough to pay his fine, so we pooled our money and paid the fine of one of my buddies. The rest of us were loaded into cars and taken to the county farm. En route to the farm, I was able to contact Mrs. C——, the hostess at the colored USO. I told her that I needed \$25 immediately. Asking no questions, she said that she would get it for me immediately. She got the money and brought it out to the farm and thus secured my release, but not before I had been forced to take off my military uniform and put on the filthy, black and white striped clothes of a convict and have an iron chain riveted to my right ankle. This happened to each one of us. Mrs. C—— came just after we had been penned up. She took me back to town and gave me a meal, my first in three days. I called my battalion at 9:45 Monday evening and that was the first time that they knew what had become of us.

I returned to camp as soon as possible and notified the commanding officers of the units to which the other men belonged. Not one of them knew the whereabouts of their missing soldiers. The men were furious when they heard what had happened to us. They collected money for the fines of the other men and early Tuesday morning went to get them. They did this of their own initiative. Our officers did nothing in behalf of the men. The men on the chain gang were found 25 and 30 miles out in the country working under armed guards. By mid-afternoon the five men in my unit had been released. The others were released later as the commanders saw fit to go after them.

The entire series of events was like one long nightmare. It was an experience that I shall never forget and one that I did not believe could happen in this "Great Democracy." It shook to the very core my faith in a nation where such things could receive the sanction of so many people as they do here in the South. I had to call upon every ounce of training and pre-military experience to keep from becoming bitter, and to realize that I must continue to sacrifice to be a soldier so that I may fight and if necessary give my life for my country. If I did not believe that there are some Americans of all colors, nationalities, creeds who are truly seeking to make the necessary adjustments so that all Americans may participate fully and freely in Ameri-

can life, I would be unwilling and unable to be a good soldier. We who now fight and are about to fight will contest wrong wherever it is found, abroad or as a cancer in our own nation.

Somewhere in the Deep South

SERGEANT

[Serviceman's name withheld to avoid reprisals by the citizens of Aiken, South Carolina. — THE EDITORS]

The Birth-Control Debate

SIR: The editorial attention which you gave to my article in your issue of December 11 is appreciated. However, my statement was not that the rhythm system could not under any circumstances be considered a "method," but that it should not be considered a method "within the province of medical experts."

I ignored extra-legal activities such as boycotts and intimidation, in the fights about birth control, for two excellent reasons: (1) I was and am ignorant of them. I know nothing about them. (2) I was discussing the birth-control debate, and these are not techniques of debate.

My objection to the phrase "planned parenthood" as used, was not a "quibble," even if I was wrong. But the dictionaries back me up. Compare *boyhood*, *manhood*, *priesthood*, etc. I still rate that label high in alliteration and low in accuracy.

My query as to the clear evidence in regard to the difference in the actual conditions of child care in small and large families in the low-income groups cannot be answered by a reference to third-grade arithmetic. I can do short division. But such simple exercises yield no evidence that the extra money in families having one or two children is spent for better child care or for silk stockings, permanent waves and liquor.

One last trifle, I do not have a doctor's degree. I am a representative of an almost extinct class—professors who are not doctors.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. M. O'NEILL

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Louis Adamic sends us an appeal for warm used clothing to be sent to the people of liberated Yugoslavia by the War Relief Fund of Americans of South-Slavic Descent. Plans have been made to send a relief ship to Yugoslavia loaded with clothes and bedding, tinned food and medical supplies. Mr. Adamic points out that the Yugoslav people have made a great contribution to victory for the United Nations by their resistance to Nazi occupying forces, and that in the course of this fight they have lost two million lives and are now facing starvation in their devastated country. Contributions for the relief ship should be brought at once to the American Committee for the Yugoslav Relief Ship, 58 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., or mailed to the Committee's warehouse at 161 Perry Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Members of the arts, sciences and professions who worked for the reelection of President Roosevelt through the Independent Voters' Committee of the Arts and Sciences will continue to be active politically as the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. Committee headquarters will be in the Hotel Astor, New York City, and Jo Davidson will continue as chairman.

The Joint Committee on Religious Liberty, headed by Dr. O. Frederick Nolde, sends us a copy of its pamphlet, "Religious Liberty: Meaning and Significance for Our Day." The publication is designed to stimulate discussion of the problem of religious freedom, which the Joint Committee believes is highly relevant to the immediate future of our domestic and international order.

Books in Review

Grimm's

IF YOU WANT a thing badly enough, the fairy tales tell us, you are quite certain to get it. That is—and of course there is a catch in it—if you want it to the point of being willing to work for it, to pay the cost in whatever coin is necessary—love, courage, sacrifice, money. The publication of the new complete Grimm's is a case in point. I wanted that book from the time when I was first able to read. I have sought it high and wide. Selections never satisfied me, nor the bowdlerized, squeamish versions. I wanted it whole and complete, the very thing in itself. At last, after much searching (and much growing up in the process), I discovered it in the British Museum. Later I reread it in the New York Public Library, taking down laborious notes from the little niggling print. Then one day, as I went up the steps to ask for it again, it occurred to me that I had served my wish well and now deserved a copy of my own. So I wrote an article into the air, to anyone it might concern, suggesting that the Margaret Hunt complete Grimm be immediately republished. And a year later—a split second in fairy-tale time—the Pantheon Press made my wish come true.¹ Here it is, clear and fine and solid, beautifully and passionately illustrated by Josef Scharl, this one book—other than the Bible—that has truly made Western man. James Stern has revised the old translation, retaining from the original German certain essential earthy words and passages that were either omitted or glossed over for refined Victorian readers. We know now, for instance, why Thumbling had to get down from the Hat in such a tearing hurry!

Because of this book, the bitter end of this bitter year will leave a residual drop of sweetness for children and grown-ups. For, make no mistake, the fairy tales are not to be thought of simply as diversions for children. Since their primary concern is with good and evil and the nature of things, no one of us is too old to be involved. We are, whether we like it or not, what the old *Märchen* (tales) have made us and our only way to self-awareness lies in following the stony path the fairy tales reveal.

For some time now that curious activity unfortunately known as progressive education has proscribed the fairy tales. The librarian of a big children's library recently told me that *Märchen* were kept in a special room so that parents might not see them. "They don't want their children to read them and grow into wishful thinkers." Wishful thinkers—the irony of it! The "How to ——" books, the "Poor Boy to President" books, might conceivably lead to wishful thinking, but the fairy tales never. They make most outrageous demands upon us. Their heroes must go through every hoop before they can kiss their desire. The price of an eye, which Odin willingly paid to Mimir in

return for the gifts of Memory and Premonition, is an indication of the kind of sacrifice the fairy tale demands. Contrariwise, "The Fisherman and his Wife" is a perfect example of what can happen to a human being who becomes involved with a strand of luck and lives his life merely by wishing. From the ditch to the papal throne went Dame Alice—up, up the airy ladder of wishes, growing bolder at each rung. And where did she find herself at the top? Right home in the ditch again. Oh, black and white are the fairy tales; there is nothing of grayness or uncertainty in them. And no easy way out. In them the seeming may hide the true, but only for a moment. At length the course of magic is run and the miracle is revealed. The apparently stupid—as in "The Three Languages"—achieve the prize in the end. For they are humble. They are willing to learn the simple lessons—what the dog says when he howls at the moon and the bird's song on the bough. In the opposite and companion stories the clever ones always fail. Remember Elsie who, in spite of every lesson taught her, was still at the end asking herself, "Is it I or is it not?" It takes a formidably simple heroine to give a true answer to that one.

There is no element of life, no aspect of man's character that cannot be found in the fairy tale. "People," as Bernard Shaw has said, "will have their miracles, their stories, their heroes; saints, martyrs and divinities to exercise their gifts of affection, admiration, wonder and worship; and their Judases and devils to enable them to be angry and yet feel that they do well to be angry." The fairy tale is, as it were, the pattern of man or the chart of his voyage. Take the numerous recurrent stories of the three sons and the tasks assigned them. In every case it is the youngest-born who wins in the end and the elder ones who go empty. You may take the stories literally and look upon the brothers as three separate entities. But to me they are a composite picture of the human soul on its journey. The eldest is the natural man, greedy and living by instinct, essentially, in spite of his years, the youngest of the lot. The second is man in his stage of reason, following close at his brother's heels but without direction of his own or absolute conviction. The third son is perfected man, grown young in acceptance and submission, unashamed to cry Help! to the humblest creatures, and so achieving grace. And who is his princess—a mortal girl? To me she has a look of Beatrice, for their wedding takes place in the inmost heart.

It is fashionable, in an age infected with the virus of humanitarianism, to say that the *Märchen* are cruel. And so, indeed, some of them are. Fairy tales are not meant to be humane, neither are myths or legends. Their business, implicit in the meaning, is to tell the human story. To me Grimm's *Märchen* are far less cruel than the nostalgic, elegiac, artificial grievings of Hans Andersen and his kind. Better to suffer the blow direct than be reduced to a sort of yearning homesickness that inflicts no visible bloody wound yet completely devitalizes the heart. It should

¹ Grimm's Fairy Tales, translated by Margaret Hunt. Edited and revised by James Stern, with 212 illustrations by Josef Scharl. New York: Pantheon Books. 864 pages. \$7.50.

be remembered, too, that the *Märchen* were collected from simple people and told to their kind and to children—all of whom are Old Testament characters, with a bias towards elementary justice and a tooth for every tooth. As we grow we are eaten away by pity, our humanitarianism dims our human vision. Properly to appreciate the *Märchen*, we must go the road of the Third Son and move into the land of children to see the meaning clear. I remember one story, "The Juniper Tree," which has always hung in my mind like a light—the boy's head falling among the apples, cut off by the lid of the chest. When I read it again in this edition I wondered why I had not remembered the horror of the tale—the stepmother making the boy's body into a black-pudding and the father eating the food with relish. "Give me some more!" he says greedily. "It seems to me as if it were all mine." But on thinking it over I saw that once the essence of anything is understood we cannot be afraid. What more natural than that a father should take his son back into himself to keep him there in safety? When miracles are expected, miracles can happen. It was inevitable, after such cruelty, that the stepmother should be crushed by the millstone and the lad be born again. "And he took his father and Marlinchen by the hand, and all three were right glad, and they went into the house to dinner and ate." How logical, wise and exact that conclusion!

Oh, those stepmothers! What a gang of ugly animus figures! Yet how wily their evil is used to accomplish the good of the stepchild. The *Märchen* seem to suggest in a sense that all mothers are stepmothers. For there is something in every one of us that looks beyond the parent of earth to happier beginnings. We all partake, in little, of Cleopatra's immortal longings. And the fairy-tale stepmother serves as the wound that enables the hero to string the bow. You find her at her best—or worst—in tales like "The Juniper Tree"; in "Hansel and Gretel" and "Snow White" and in "One-Eye, Two-Eyes and Three-Eyes." It is typical of her that in the latter story she should dote on One-Eye and Three-Eyes, the gargoyle deflections from the norm; and spurn the simple stepchild, Two-Eyes, for being like everyone else. But (says the story's quiet warning) subhuman and superhuman are both monstrosities. Two-Eyes, content with her common humanity, is rewarded with a fairy feast by the little magic goat; for her alone the golden apples bend from the silver bough and "come into her hand of their own accord."

There is a terror here, indeed, but terror that cures and saves. Those who talk of the cruelty of the *Märchen* and their elements of danger should look within their own hearts to see what it is they fear. The knowledge of death and of stern fate cannot be kept from anyone and the sooner children come to grips with necessity the better for their futures. I know of no book more needed at the present time than this new edition of Grimm's; none better calculated to make us look at the face of things as they are. There is death and illusion in the world about us but here we may come to our real selves and wrestle with the angel and not lose him till he blesses. We all, no matter how we deny it, long to turn wishing into will and to find the way to the inner land known as Happy Ever After. Here, then, is the key to that kingdom.

P. L. TRAVERS

Calder's "Three Young Rats"

Three Young Rats and Other Rhymes. Drawings by Alexander Calder. Edited with an introduction by James Johnson Sweeney. New York: Curt Valentin. 155 pages. \$12.50.

THERE is this to say apropos the advanced art of our time: that the critical problems of direction and of quality are not kept distinct. Because a given work has originated in the most "modern" milieu, it is supposed to be valuable *ipso facto*, just we sometimes assume unthinkingly that because so-and-so is a radical in his politics, he must be a humanist as a man. Otherwise art and politics were only specialized games. But in practice, we can judge nothing but a man's politics from his politics. In the same manner, the point is now so evident that Renaissance modes of expression are obsolete, so little courage and insight are needed to assert it, that novelty is no longer, as it once was, an adequate test of the livingness of a work.

What pleasure therefore one finds in welcoming a book of drawings advanced in direction, fine in felt quality. Fresh, simple, humorous, awkward, direct, the drawings are sometimes uncontrolled, never faked. In America this is to be remarked. They are the illustrations of a man who has done what no other American has yet been able to do—create a great non-illustrative art—and who knows in consequence where the problems of art cease and those of illustration begin. In these drawings we see the mind of our best artist at play.

They are less serious than Calder's sculpture, mobiles and stabiles; they are less advanced; they are pictures of something, subjects provided by lively old nursery rhymes. But the drawings are no less free. Personages (invariably naked) hitting, devouring, running from one another, one maiden embracing a pig:

There was a young lady loved a swine.
"Honey," said she,
"Pig-hog, wilt thou be mine?"
"Hunc," said he.

Freedom leads to inventions, the squared branches of "the Calico tree," a transparent coffin so one can see "the worms crawl in," curleycued eyes, noses, private parts. The problem of identity is solved at one stroke: Calder's little boy is just slugs "and snails and puppy-dogs' tails." These marvelous inventions ("nothing but the marvelous is beautiful"—André Breton) are disciplined, *formed*. They are based on line, on *outline*, like Klee. When the outline is abandoned occasionally, and there is solid rendering, say a bed, the drawing at once collapses. Thurber comes to mind. The image is more striking than the form. But Calder's energy sustains everything. When the conceptions are *linear* on a flat surface, the result is art. The limitation bends the felt energy into form. Process hardens into quality. Calder learned the secrets of line drawing through making figures in wire. What could be more happy than discipline in a man so free?

Sweeney's sensitive, informed introduction notes that "in making a drawing, a child goes straight to those features it considers most interesting. The rest is omitted or drastically subordinated."

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My mother has killed me,
 My father is eating me,
 My brothers and sisters sit under the table
 Picking up my bones,
 And they bury them under the cold marble stones.

"An adult artist can only adapt the virtues of the child's approach to his own ends—a translation . . . which in turn will be acceptable to the child. . . . This is the quality of Calder's 'Three Young Rats' illustrations." Sweeney's great sympathy is always employed to illuminate, and his judgment to perform acts of justice. Certainly Calder's quality, apart from the intelligence of his stylistic orientation, is due to the recovery of the child in him.

Yet it is the metaphysical implication of his mobiles that is stunning—though he, wrapped up in immediate delights, and anti-intellectual perhaps, may not care: "symbolic" art, like philosophical dualisms, has become obsolete. The old picturings of the world have become *objects in the world*, no longer symbolic but existential, concrete clusters of qualities without reference to a "beyond" or an outside. Moving in this direction, Calder joined company with the cubist *papier collé*, the dada-surrealist "objects," the glass and metal constructions of Marcel Duchamp, the "sculpture" of Arp, Brancusi, Max Ernst, Giacometti and Henry Moore, the "new realism" of Mondrian, the tactility and automatism of Braque, Klee, Masson, Miró, Picasso. Following these great forebears is a still obscure younger generation. The reputed need for a "myth" disappears. The empirical world is discovered to provide sufficient "meaning," adequate objects of desire.

The revolution being effected by modern international art is greater than is generally understood.

ROBERT MOTHERWELL

The Way of the Future

The Valley and Its People: A Portrait of TVA. Text by R. L. Duffus; illustrations by Charles Krutch, Chief, Graphics Department, TVA. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 167 pages. \$2.75.

The TVA: Lessons for International Application, by Herman Finer. Montreal: International Labor Office. 289 pages. \$2.

THE TVA, flood control and river navigation are once again subjects for heated congressional orations. Senators are speaking of the MVA and the St. Lawrence waterway, of drainage on the Colorado and transmission lines along the Columbia. Yet their primary concern, as Max Lerner has said, is the fall of water and the roar of turbines. Despite a decade of great experience in the Tennessee Valley, certain recalcitrant legislators would deny the people the obvious benefits of integrated development. Piously protesting loyalty to the venerable ways of the republic, they give strength to private interests.

Though we may not be able to undertake a first-hand investigation of the issues, we can examine the evidence gathered by others. And there is ample support for government-sponsored resource development in these two books. They are both superlative contributions to an understanding of what the TVA means to the people of a region and a nation.

For those who want to feel vicariously the spirit and temper of the new South there is nothing better than the Duffus-Krutch volume. Its message, in words and pictures, is a song to the future; the fusion of text and photographs seems like a Bach fugue transposed to the graphic arts. Mr. Duffus' story gently guides the reader along the river's bank and shows him what man can do to restore a land made waste by ancestral license. Mr. Krutch's pictures strikingly augment the text. The photographs of giant generators, of the mist hovering over the Great Smoky Mountains, of hills worn and slashed by running water, of concrete monoliths bearing witness to man's dedication to a new way of living, of people won to a coöperation they imagined alien, cannot be forgotten easily. The scholar will find the Duffus text well amplified by Professor Finer's definitive study. The latter is by no means dull reading: every facet, every implication of the TVA is carefully explored. Beginning with the forces which first led to the idea of regional development, Professor Finer discusses with considerable detail hydroelectric power and land utilization in the valley, the demonstration and educational program, grass-roots and resources planning, the corporate structure, management and personnel and the technique of financing. The book concludes with a penetrating evaluation of international possibilities.

The Tennessee River has held the imagination of America for more than a century. As early as 1824, Mr. Duffus informs us, efforts were made to improve travel through the valley. Better navigation, it was thought, could move cotton downstream and finished goods upstream. But navigation meant flood control and flood control required dams and dams implied land control. You can't build a levee high enough to hold all the water that land won't keep. And land won't absorb water without trees and soil-gripping crops. Yet dams can help us do all of that, for dams give us power. Despite legal fictions to the contrary, electricity became the dominant feature of the TVA.

The people of the valley now welcome the "white magic" that flows out of the massive concrete structures. The TVA has demonstrated the value of phosphatic fertilizer and has taught the farmer how to care for the soil. Smith and Jones and Macready have learned how to use electric seeders, feed grinders and freezing units. Their daughters now use electric sewing machines. Their wives cook more varied meals. And the "white coal" feeds the furnaces of the heavy-chemical and light-metal industries so vital in this time of crisis. As Mr. Duffus says, ". . . when you prepare well and truly for peace, when you raise human levels of living and working, when you set free the creative abilities of a people, you prepare also to defend this birth of freedom."

These things came after the agony and illusory confusion of building an "assembly line of dams." They came after the cofferdams and the relocation of highways and the feeding and housing of thousands of workers. And afterward the down-river towns felt safer and the valley became a land of lakes. "It was like seeing the pioneers cutting down trees in New England and Ohio," says Duffus. "It was like watching the first plows moving across the unbroken land of Kansas. It was like coming on the first wagons moving over the South Pass. It was like history."

Yet private interests desperately tried to strangle this newly created government instrumentality with innumerable lawsuits, injunctions, spite lines and propaganda. The TVA was unfair competition, they insisted. Its costs were disguised by public subsidy. Professor Finer, however, gives the final answer to that argument. The Authority's wholesale rates were not much below private rates: it was retail electricity, sold by municipalities and coöperatives, which was distributed at low prices. Although the problem of "costing the current" in a multiple-purpose project may seem difficult and arbitrary, the TVA's policy conclusively proved that low rates bring greater consumption and reduced costs.

Both writers agree that the job of changing lives and landscapes in the valley is not yet finished. After the war the people will return to the task of making automatic machines work for men. In 1933 but one farm in 28 was serviced by electricity: today five out of every six farms in the area are still without power. "Can rural rehabilitation," Finer pointedly asks, "develop as fast as may be desirable in these circumstances?"

The future is there and it really works. It can work too for the Missouri, the Ohio, the Great Lakes, the Arkansas, the Columbia, the Colorado, the Danube, the Yang-tze and the Amazon. In the international sphere the problems will demand more judicious treatment. There will be questions of sovereignty, cultural differences and trade barriers. There will be perhaps niceties of diplomacy to adjust. But is not the prosperity that brings peace worth trying?

BEN B. SELIGMAN

A Reader's List

THE HISTORY OF THE NEW DEAL, by Basil Rauch (Creative Age, \$2.50). An interesting interpretation of the Roosevelt Administration's history from 1933 to 1938. Contrary to many New Deal critics, the author does not see a consistent policy spotted with opportunistic deviations. Instead, two New Deals had their day during those six years, based on FDR's willingness to use any democratic method which would achieve his goal of national prosperity. The NRA attempt to capture "recovery" under business direction failed, Rauch states. The "Second New Deal," beginning in 1935, constituted a basic shift in policy. Its plan was embodied in "reforms" intended to raise mass purchasing power and security. Rauch's thesis is developed chiefly by means of a valuable account of the Administration's relationship to national legislation. Inadequate attention is devoted to the effects of such legislation on the country. A projected second volume may fill the gap to give us a more conclusive picture.

THE FIRST ROUND, by Joseph Gaer (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$2.50). Hot off the press, this book consists primarily of pamphlets written for and published by the CIO Political Action Committee whose story it tells in vivid words and pictures. Included are the famous pamphlets "This Is Your America," "The People's Program for 1944," "Jobs for All," "The Negro in 1944," and such practical guides to political action as the "Speakers' Manual," "A Woman's Guide" and "What Every Canvasser Should Know." It is not only a sourcebook but an eloquent monument as well to labor's part in last November's election campaign.

COÖPERATIVE LIVING IN PALESTINE, by Henrik F. Infield (Dryden, \$3). During his stay in Palestine, the author, a refugee sociologist from Vienna, made a study of the *koutzah*, one of the most progressive forms of rural settlement. He defines it as a rural producers' coöperative which practises coöperation in processing, marketing and consumption. All economic as well as social functions in a *koutzah* (the Hebrew term means "group") are strictly coöperative. Whoever joins this sort of settlement cedes all his possessions to the group; when he leaves it, he takes with him only that which is on his person. Land, buildings, machinery and other assets belong to national agencies, such as the Jewish National Fund. While no member of a *koutzah* can expect an individual economic reward, the achievements of this settlement are remarkable, due to the discipline, industry and idealism, in short, the "we-sentiment" of the settlers. The cultural level is usually high, the health of the members satisfactory. The first *koutzah* was founded in 1908; now 76 *koutzoth*, with a total membership of more than 20,000, are in existence, the smallest unit comprising 50 members, the largest hardly more than a thousand, with an average of about 5 acres for each member. The scholarly book is furnished with notes, bibliography, index and photographs.

CRIME ROUNDUP

The year-end output of detective stories is so feeble, with the exception of a very lively item by Erle Stanley Gardner ("The Case of the Black-Eyed Blonde," Morrow, \$2), that it might be a good idea to list what seem to me the crime-fiction high points of 1933-44:

"The Smell of Money," by Matthew Head (Simon and Schuster); "Airing in a Closed Carriage," by Joseph Shearing (Harpers); "Wall of Eyes," by Margaret Millar (Random); "The Weight of the Evidence," by Michael Innes (Dodd, Mead); "Color Scheme," by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown); "The Lady in the Lake," by Raymond Chandler (Knopf); "Look Your Last," by John Stephen Strange (Crime Club); "Arrow Pointing Nowhere" and "The Book of the Dead," by Elizabeth Daly (Farrar and Rinehart); "Mr. Bowling Buys a Newspaper," by Donald Henderson (Random); "The Outsider," by Irene Cleaton (Little, Brown); "Embarrassment of Riches," by Marjorie Fischer (Random); "Clues to Christabel," by Mary Fitt (Crime Club); "Darkness of Slumber," by Rosemary Kutak (Lippincott).

Raymond Chandler's "The Big Sleep" and "Farewell, My Lovely" are more fun to reread than most of the current books are the first time, and that goes for Francis Iles's "Before the Fact" and "Malice Aforethought," F. Tennyson Jesse's "A Pin

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to See the Peepshow" (Doubleday, Doran, 1934); H. F. Head's "A Taste for Honey," Margery Allingham's "Flowers for the Judge," Eric Ambler's "Journey into Fear," Raymond Postgate's "Verdict of Twelve," Dashiell Hammett's "The Maltese Falcon" and practically anything by Graham Greene, Ngaio Marsh, Anthony Berkeley, Joseph Shearing and the early

Dorothy Sayers. (Many of these books are now available in 25-cent editions.)

For readers who prefer actual criminal cases, I heartily recommend looking into William Roughead (now published by Sheridan House)—"The Enjoyment of Murder" is one of his best. "Murder and Its Motives," by F. Tennyson Jesse (Knopf, 1924), "The Anatomy of Murder," by Helen Simpson, Francis Iles and others (Macmillan, 1937), "True Crime Stories" (Pocket Books) and "Murder Out Yonder," by Stewart Holbrook (Macmillan, 1941), to mention a few, are definitely worth your while. — E. H.

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